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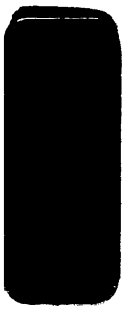

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

VOL. I.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

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London: Published by Richard Bentley, 1838.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON,

BART. G. C. H.

KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE

DURING THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

INCLUDING HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH MANY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

BY LADY KNIGHTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the Editor was assured by many attached friends of the late Sir William Knighton that a Memoir of his Life would not be unacceptable to the public, still numerous difficulties would have prevented the undertaking, had not his posthumous papers, on examination, furnished such ample materials in the form of journals, notes, and letters, that a history of his Life, with some slight additions, might be collected from his own words, and although advised to place these manuscripts in more experienced and abler hands, the Editor has thought

it more desirable to send the work into the world in its present unpretending form, from a belief that its evident authenticity will thus afford greater interest to the reader than a more elaborate Memoir, and that a truer estimate may be formed of the sentiments and character of an individual from his unreserved correspondence, written without the slightest view to publication, than from a biographical narrative of more methodical arrangement.

Of the professional life of Sir William Knighton, his success is the best criterion. As regards his services to his Majesty George the Fourth, there are probably few who will now deny that they were fulfilled to the utmost of his power, in the spirit of devoted attachment and integrity to his royal Master.

To the young and inexperienced, just

entering on the arduous duties of life, this Memoir will, it is hoped, be instructive and encouraging; for they may hence learn that great disadvantages and many difficulties may be overcome by steady perseverance and diligent application, and that virtuous and religious principles afford the best security from those evils which too often prevent the attainment of honourable success.

D. K.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of William Knighton.—Death of his Father.—His Mother.—He studies Medicine under his Uncle.—Predilection for Poetry.—Letter on the Death of a Child.—Mr. Knighton's acquaintance with Dr. Geach.—Correspondence with the Doctor and other Friends.

William Knighton was born in the parish of Beer Ferris in the county of Devon, in the year 1776. He was the grandson of William Knighton, Esq. of Grenoven in the parish of Whitchurch in the same county. His father, William Knighton, was cut off from the family property, having by irregular conduct and an imprudent marriage incurred the displeasure of his

father. He died at the early age of twenty-nine, leaving his son and an infant daughter to the care of the young widow, in very limited circumstances. By the will of his grandfather, a sum of five hundred pounds was left for his grandson's education.

His mother, who was a person of excellent principles and strong common sense, formed another alliance, and had a second family; but ample justice was done to the children of the first marriage. William Knighton had the advantage of such instruction as the country afforded at a respectable school at Newton Bushel in Devonshire, and at an early age was placed with his uncle, Mr. Bredall, who was established as a surgeon and apothecary at Tavistock, for the purpose of studying medicine. It appears by an old diary, that he endeavoured to keep up the scholastic knowledge he had acquired, and further to improve his mind; as, besides the study of physic and surgery, each of the six days in the week was alloted either to reading

Greek, Latin, poetry, or obtaining general information; and Sundays were appropriated to religion, and to a retrospect of what had been done in the preceding week. He seems to have had a strong predilection for poetry; and there are many specimens extant written at this period, which, though not without merit, are not of sufficient interest to insert in these volumes.

The following extract of a letter addressed to his aunt when he was quite a youth, on the death of a little cousin about two years of age, marks the peculiar feeling and sensibility of the writer's mind even from an early age.

"MY DEAR AUNT,

"This epistle comes from one who contemplates the pleasing hope that you are comforted, under your affliction for the loss of your dear little babe, with the happy and consoling reflection that she is now in a state of bliss and happiness with Christ

and lovely angels in the heavenly kingdom of her Father and Redeemer; which doubtless must be the case. And, as a small testimony of my regard for that dear lovely little infant, I have written the few enclosed lines, which, though simple as to language, as well as bad as to verse, will, I hope, at this youthful period, be overlooked by your generous heart.

"Hard it must certainly be to part with such dear little angels at the age of innocence and harmless simplicity; yet we ought not for one moment to wish to debar the wise and kind dispensation of Providence, which no doubt so kindly protects those harmless little doves from the vice and miseries which in age might befal them; for the life of mortals on earth is subject to daily defilement. Their early removal prevents many a sorrow and distress of mind, many an agony and sharp pain to which by disease the body is subject, and saves many from the languishing weaknesses of old age, and from tasting the

dregs of mortality. When, therefore, the wise Disposer of events foresees some huge and heavy sorrows ready to fall on them, he lays his hand upon them in the midst of life, and hides them in the grave. This has been the safe landing-place of many a lovely babe from a future day of temptation and overspreading misery. Dear little Mary, whom Providence has been pleased to take from us, was certainly, for such an infant, possessed of quickness and sensibility superior to any child I have ever seen; and God must undoubtedly have had some great and wise design in performing what he has done. Under such circumstances, then, ought we not to comfort ourselves for so valuable a loss?"

Mr. Bredall's practice was very extensive, which enabled his nephew to acquire a good deal of experience. During the latter period of his residing at Tavistock, he had the appointment of serjeant-major of a volunteer corps, commanded by his

uncle, Colonel Bray; but he found the exertion it required, together with the ordinary fatigue attendant on the medical concerns of Mr. Bredall, more than either his constitution would bear or his professional improvement admit of.

In his nineteenth year he left his uncle, (of whose kindness towards him he always spoke with the greatest gratitude,) and repaired to London, with the intention of completing his medical education, by the usual course of attendance at the hospitals and dissecting-rooms. Previously, however, to this period, it appears from letters (which seem to have been preserved with affectionate care) that he had become known to Dr. Geach, at that time the chief surgeon of the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth, and who was also in extensive private practice. He was a man of superior learning and discernment, and he early discovered an unusual degree of talent and ability in his youthful acquaintance; for in a letter dated in 1796 are the following extracts:

"DEAR SIR,

"I have long intended to thank you for your verses, which I cannot but approve of, and which may be considered as an earnest of what is to follow. I thank you for the trouble you have taken in transcribing my observations, and the very good preface you have been so kind as to prefix. I thank you also for your own cases and remarks, which do you great credit."

The correspondence was kept up during Mr. Knighton's stay at Tavistock, and on his removal to London; and, from the doctor's age and high estimation, it was particularly gratifying to so young a man, as well as most advantageous. It tended to excite in him an ardent desire to qualify himself by indefatigable labour for any station in which he might afterwards be placed; which may be observed by further extracts from letters at the time.

TO FRANCIS GEACH, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I felt real happiness on the receipt of your most kind letter, with the admirable lines enclosed.* The imagery, the conspi-

* The Amphion frigate, Captain Pellew, was accidentally blown up on the 24th of September 1796. The captain, the first lieutenant, and fifteen only of the crew were saved, out of two hundred and twenty men. Many women and children were also killed. The limbs and bodies of the unfortunate victims were floating in all directions.

ON SEEING THE DROWNED SAILORS OF THE AMPHION FLOATING.

In imitation of Horace, Lib. I. Ode 15.

Sons of Amphion! by one general sweep
Hurl'd into air, and deluged in the deep;
What boots it now, ye gallant sons of war,
Ye show'd in England's cause a boasted scar!
But death awaits us all. E'en he, who now
Wears a green garland on his warrior-brow,
Must yield to death; and Howe shall be no more
Than Albion's chief and Cæsar were before!
Whoe'er shall haply tread the rocky shore,
Or spread the sail, or ply the nimble oar,
Oh! furl the sail, the nimble oar lay by,
Whene'er thou seest a sailor floating lie;
Lay on his poor remains a pious hand;
Tow gently the sad bloated corpse to land;

cuous humanity, sympathy, and advice to those who may chance to witness any of the unfortunate victims, merit the warmest praise. I also have humbly attempted to express my feelings in verse on the occasion. I am afraid it cannot be deemed poetry; but I trust to your candour and goodness to excuse all inaccuracies.

I was on Saturday elected, according to your advice, member of the Physical So-

---

Safe in the bosom of a hallow'd grave
Let each his last sad funeral rites receive.
This pious toil demands no long delay;
See dust thrice sprinkled on the breathless clay,
Then go,—and may thy little vessel ride
Safe o'er the rising surge or rapid tide!
When moon and stars afford no glimmering light,
Veil'd with the gloom of some tempestuous night;
When East, with West contending, terror brings,
Or, South controlling, shakes his dripping wings;
Such moral acts a tempest may assuage,
Or woods receive its unrelenting rage.
Much do our sailors claim, who raise their sails
To catch on eastern shores the spicy gales;
Brave, in the west, the foe, disease, and storm,
Where Death tyrannic rules in every form;
They guard our commerce, and no toils forego
To shield their menaced country from its foe;
Preserve a gracious monarch on his throne,
Who makes Britannia's happiness his own.

ciety; but mark, my dear sir, what I now write, that neither the vain hypothesis and imaginary theory, nor the folly and fashion of the practice of physic by prejudiced persons in the present age, will ever eradicate the wise and practical advice laid down by you to me, whilst I have life; and furthermore, for all theory, knowledge, and practice of empty sound, I would not give a straw. There is a wide difference in the practice followed by you, founded on experience, and in the principle of assisting nature in her endeavours, rather that of this wild ——— of the age. But it is a melancholy reflection that prejudice and self-conceit should reign in the mind of man to such a degree, even to the destruction of his fellow-creatures."

As the letters written by Mr. Knighton during his residence in London to his friends at Tavistock, are illustrative of his character, the following extracts are taken from them.

"I SHALL now give you some account of my proceedings. Plunged into bustle and tumult on my arrival at this place, I began at the first instant to wish almost that I was walking in the peaceful streets of Tavistock, instead of in those of London; but, on casting my eyes around, and seeing the various advantages which I might derive from my professsional improvement, and in every other branch of study, these thoughts soon left me, and others more eligible supplied their place, and I now find myself equally at home here as at Tavistock.

"Improvement in my profession is, as you may suppose, the grand object I aim at; and I endeavour to overcome the difficulties which are daily falling in my way with all the perseverance my disposition will allow. With this, I combine the study of classical and universal knowledge, which I conceive to be very useful in the toilsome pursuits of life. I had almost forgotten to say, that a little poetical effusion (if it may be called poetical) slips in now and then

to relax the mind, and unclog the fatigued wheels of existence from the continual grinding; for I attend four lectures on anatomy, two on surgery, three on midwifery, two on the practice of physic: I take notes and transcribe from all, which is rather laborious. This is the work of the first course. To this must be added dissections and attendance at the hospitals. So you may suppose that, by the time these things are concluded, in the course of the day and night, little rest can be procured."

TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

"DEAR SIR,

"FILLED with a due sense of the obligation I am under for your gratifying epistle, for which permit me to return my thanks, and more particularly for your care in recommending me to study the ideas and works of these learned men, which will fit me for companionship to all ranks and degrees, from the highest to that of the clown, it now behoves me to answer your

inquiry with respect to my professional improvement.

"The study of anatomy I find truly difficult to be attained; nor had I any idea that it was so before experience taught me in this place. To obtain a thorough knowledge of anatomy requires indefatigable labour and industry; but it lays the basis for success in the practice, and unveils the mystery of the operation, of medicine. It is a noble science in itself, a lesson to man, and to be viewed not with a less degree of curiosity than wonder. The various processes pursued by nature, the wonderful combination of parts, and that noble structure throughout, replete with symmetry and beauty, I was not a little pleased to examine at first in the dead subject. Many curious and peculiar reflections with respect to man took place, as you may suppose; and perhaps the various and complicated thoughts of learned men concerning the machine and its existence were awakened at such a time.

"Here is a field for moralising; and per-

haps, were that useful part of *our community*, the clergy, to produce such a scene as this before their audience, it would be the means of establishing the dreadful effects of futurity more than all the pathetic rhetoric they are masters of. But, perhaps, to handle such a subject, they would be as much frightened as their audience, and think that the ghost of the man was always laying hold of the tail of their black gown.

"I dissect a good deal, and shall continue to do so as the only way to get a thorough knowledge of the component parts of the human frame; and unless I have a thorough knowledge, I shall not be content to return into Devonshire. I do not say that this is absolutely necessary for a country surgeon; but it is what I shall aim at. As for their practice of physic, I value it very little; and in my last letter from Dr. Geach, he expressly says, 'Let not that doctrine with respect to physic which has been inculcated in you

ever be forgotten.' My answer was, that hypothesis and theory should never overcome those doctrines instilled into me by him and Mr. Bredall, the result of practical experience, long observation, and Nature's methods in curing diseases.

"The operations performed here are executed in the most masterly manner. Cline, whom I attend in anatomy, and Cooper in surgery, are men of the first abilities."

The next letter is advice to a young friend, written whilst studying in London in 1796.

"I SHALL not apologise for the liberty I take on the subject of this letter, as it is in friendship that I offer these youthful exhortations to my much younger friend, though I am convinced that your merit and sobriety need now no admonition; but at a future period, when plunged into scenes such as I am in, you may by chance think on the epistle of your most sincere friend.

"First, then, let it be your greatest care (which I hope strictly to adhere to myself) and chief study through life to make the declining years of your parents sink with pleasure into the grave, by the comfortable reflection that they leave a son behind worthy of the trust and confidence of the care and support of his sisters. That you may be able to perform this, you must diligently apply yourself to those studies which form the man of science, and make a man respectable in society, and esteemed by his friends, by becoming eminent in his profession. Having grounded yourself in this, you will then be armed at all points by fearing your God.

"'Wisdom,' says Seneca, 'is a right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil, what is to be chosen and what rejected; it sets a watch over our words and deeds; it informs us of all the duties of life, as piety to our parents, faithfulness to our friends, charity to the miserable, judgment in counsel: it searches nature,

gives laws to life, and tells us that it is not enough to know God or His will, unless we obey Him.'

"This I conceive to be the true definition. Let us both with eagerness endeavour to attain it; for we are told in the Proverbs of Solomon that wisdom is of more value than gold. Let us in our youth endeavour to learn, although it be painful; for it is less pain for a man to learn in his youth, than in his age to be ignorant. Sobriety is another grand point, a virtue of which permit me to congratulate you in the possession; for wine and wisdom cannot agree, they being two contraries.

"I had a very affectionate letter last week from Dr. Geach. He is an invaluable man, and of genius and learning not to be equalled in the whole world.

"I was yesterday over Bedlam Hospital: it is a favour to be admitted. I was some time since introduced to the governor, whose name is Rixon. He yesterday called, and very politely offered to take me in

his carriage, and invited me to dine; but I have no time to spare for dinners. I saw Margaret Nicholson, who, you know, made an attempt to kill the king. She is a handsome woman, has black eyes, and is of middling stature. She talked very rationally with me for some time, and I sat down in her cell. Speaking of the extreme cold, she said she supposed it was January in London as well as there.—I likewise saw Stone, who, if you recollect, fell in love with the Princess Royal. Although he is perfectly mad, he makes very neat straw mats, some of which I bought as curiosities, and intend taking them, if I live to return, to Devonshire with me."

In a letter to his sister he says, "Return my thanks for my dear mother's blessing, with my affectionate duty. If you have been introduced to Dr. Geach, I think it is a great honour. I had a few days since a most valuable letter from him.

"You will not in this letter find a scrap

of poetry, to let you see I can write without; which, from former experience, might be doubted. . . . Study is the delight and soul of man: it keeps the mind in active energy, and prevents evil. I do therefore conceive that the close application to study in youth is essentially necessary to the health and welfare of mankind, as well as to one's own happiness, and therefore to be carefully pursued.

"Improve yourself as much as you can: read deliberately, and think on what you read. Let the generality of novels pass by; and the few which the fashion of the age may compel you to read, let reason and judgment preside over. The romantic love-sick tales related to fill up the book make it pleasing to the tender, foolish female. But stop;—I am not paying due respect to the sex, and could I blot out the expression, I would do so; therefore regard it not, my dear sister."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Knighton's return to Devonshire.—Appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the Royal Naval Hospital.—Correspondence in Rhyme.—Death of Dr. Geach.—Mr. Knighton's Law-suit against his Uncle.—He settles in Devonport.—His Medical Practice.—Extracts from Letters to Mrs. T.

On Mr. Knighton's return to Devonshire, his excellent friend Dr. Geach took him entirely under his own protection and roof, with the intention, as his own words expressed, "to model you as I like, introduce you into life and business, and make your talents known."

In the beginning of the year 1797 he procured him an appointment as assistant-surgeon to the Royal Naval Hospital, and also obtained a diploma from the University of Aberdeen for an essay on putrid fever by his young friend.

About this period of Mr. Knighton's life, it was his custom to correspond with a very talented young friend in rhyme. The following is extracted from a rough copy of one of these letters, which was probably the last, as the composition required more time and study than could be bestowed after his professional duty commenced with Dr. Geach and the hospital:

"Since me the Muses thus forsake,
An humbler beaten track I take:
Disease in every dreadful form
Bids me the healing art perform.
Oh! how I wish for deeper skill,
For science suited to my will!
An anguish'd mother sends a prayer,
And makes her infant child my care;
The child, her languid mother nigh,
Calls tearful sorrow from my eye.
To enter still the cave of pain,
Though direful all, I ne'er refrain;
Where crowded sons together lie,
Frail sons and heirs to misery,—
Where woes descend from race to race,
And heed not either time or place."

The weakness and infirmities of age were fast stealing on his benefactor, and he had the gratification of relieving him from

much fatigue; whilst at the same time he had the prospect of laying in a store of information, from the doctor's learning and experience. Within a few months, however, and before he had time and opportunity to be introduced to many of Dr. Geach's most important and influential friends, he was deprived of him in a moment by sudden death, and was left without patron, guide, or money, and with the additional embarrassment of a suit at law, which he had been obliged to undertake against his uncle Knighton, who, though in great affluence, refused to give up a small estate, which, having been purchased by his grandfather, and not given by will to his son, was the right of the grandson, as heir-at-law, and was in the end yielded up to him.

It now became necessary that Dr. Knighton should settle, and at the end of 1797 he purchased a small house in the best part of Devonport, and commenced his professional career, being then at the age

of twenty-one. His person was handsome, and he bore a thoughtful cast of countenance, which gave the impression of more advanced maturity; and this impression was most favourable to his immediate and rapid success, for with youth is naturally associated inexperience—and his youth had been one of the objections started against him.

His learned and benevolent predecessor* was much beloved and esteemed by his patients, but, from some cause or other, was very unpopular with his medical brethren; and Dr. Knighton, as his protegé and successor, had to undergo some opposition from the least liberal of the profession. But he overcame all the ill-founded

* Dr. Geach had by his kindness and humanity the power of strongly attaching to himself the poor sick and wounded sailors in the hospital; and to this feeling he on one occasion probably owed the preservation of his life. He was proceeding alone at a late hour one night to a patient at the outskirts of the town, where a murder and frequent robberies had been committed, when he was stopped by two men, and nearly dragged off his horse. On seeing his face, one of the men exclaimed, "It is Dr. Geach!" and they immediately left him and ran off.

reports of disqualification, inexperience, &c. and was soon received by some of the most respectable families in the town and country, by whom, and by the occasional naval, military, and other visitants to the place, his time was completely occupied.

Amongst those friends of his late patron to whom he was at this period most indebted, was the family of P. T. Esq. residing some miles distant from Devonport. Mrs. T. sister to the late Sir Harry T. was a person highly educated, and of superior sense and judgment. Dr. Knighton was early honoured by her confidence and friendship; and his appreciation of her character, and his sense of his obligations to her, are expressed in his correspondence with that lady, with which the editor has been kindly entrusted. The following extracts tend to show that the general advancement of his career was not won without persevering industry, nor without the penalties which talent and success so frequently bring on their possessors. It

should be previously mentioned, that in the year 1800 Dr. Knighton married the youngest daughter of the late Captain Hawker, of the Royal Navy.

The following are extracts from letters written to Mrs. T.

" DEAR MADAM,

" COMPLIMENTS are so nearly allied to falsehood, that they seldom appear to advantage upon paper; for who can bear to read fiction unless it tends to some good purpose? The face of sincerity and truth is easily discovered by its superior dignity and mien: the tale that I have already told you with honesty I now tell you again, that I am ever delighted when I hear from you; and this delight has been renewed by your admirable letter of to-day.

" Four hours' sleep strengthens me sufficiently for the labours of another day; and it is thus that I gain that time which others lose. I have had a long and tedious day: I have listened to the stories of between fifty

and sixty sick-beds. Some I have found well stored with honesty and candour, some with duplicity and deceit, some with caprice, others with violence and vexation; in fact, I found in all—almost all—Pope's beautiful and comprehensive line,

'*Hate, fear, and grief*,—the family of pain.'

Here are instructive views for the observing mind. I think I seldom pass a day among them but I learn something useful. By a good fire, and with a peaceful mind, then, I shall throw off everything to converse with you for an hour. I wish you lived at the next door. Yes, Mrs. Knighton can tell you of what use is your superior understanding, — to give instruction to your daughters, and delight to yourself; to add a lasting pleasure to those whose minds are congenial with your own, with whom you are in the bonds of friendship; to improve the understanding of the young whom you regard, and to stimulate to the pursuit of useful knowledge; to bring you

comfort in your more serious moments, and pious satisfaction in your last.

"When Dr. Johnson (that wonder of wonders) was suddenly seized in the night with a paralytic affection, and thus deprived of the power of speech, the first thing he did was to compose a prayer in Latin verse; and when he found his understanding and genius perfect, he was satisfied, and waited with pious fortitude for the restoration of that which Providence had thought proper to take away.

"I shall be pleased and thankful to see what Mrs. Greville says to *Indifference*. I have never met with it. In fact, the business of my leisure hours in the last three years of my life has been with volumes of the ancients: from them I have formed my mind; from them my plans for the contemplation of nature has been formed; and what further knowledge I possess in medicine I have derived from persevering in the laconic answer given me by Dr. Geach, when I asked what further I should do

with respect to it. 'Scan your patient well; and,' said he, 'when you have done that, take Sydenham's advice to Dr. Blackmore, and read with great attention Don Quixote.' And I think his advice was almost right.

"What you say of the pieces addressed to Miss O. is just.

'Some, to whom heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.'

. . . . "There is one part of your letter that deserves my particular attention—nay, it deserves my thanks; and that part I am now come to. It is the advice you so kindly impress on my mind respecting *piety;* and it is impressed in such a way, and with such elegance, that I shall not easily forget it. So that I hope, whenever I may ask myself where my country lies, like Anaxagoras I may answer by pointing with my finger to the heavens."

"DEAR MADAM,

"THE folio paper you notice was procured that I might have room to communicate my thoughts whenever I wrote to you; the golden edge I thought a decoration you richly deserve; and by the folio size I wish to be understood that it contains the very largest edition of my friendship; and by its breadth, the wide extent of pleasure I feel by being indulged to receive and communicate with one in whose thoughts and conversation I delight. Many a folio sheet, I hope, will pass before it proves '*the* last.'

"Dr. Johnson observes, there is something truly affecting in the idea and expression of "*the last.*" If you do not just recollect what he says in his final paper of the Idler, turn to it, read it, and suffer the melancholy which he must have felt at the time he wrote it. Whether it was his wife's or his mother's death that put a stop to this valuable periodical paper, I do not now

recollect. In the history of his life I am not well versed. Boswell's account I have never read, and Murphy's essay I have almost forgotten.

"To the question of your friend relating to me, '*Do you know his history?*' I answer, Few do, I believe, and scarcely he himself. He is indebted to Providence for what he possesses, and to industry and application for what he may else have obtained. At one time he was in a measure deserted by the world, and a consultation was held whether he and his infant sister should be committed to the care of the parish. Before the sun had shone two years on one, and one year on the other, they were left orphans; and the father that was thus deprived of life had spent in irregularity and intemperance a comfortable independence, and died at the age of twenty-nine. *Reflection* was the inheritance of those he left behind,—probably of more value than gold. My grandfather, whose death immediately followed my father's, died, possessed of much

wealth, in misery, because his fancy suggested that he had done nothing for us orphans: but it proved otherwise. To him I am indebted for the fortune I possess, which educated me, and brought me to that which I now attempt to profess. A part of this fortune was attempted to be kept from me by my father's younger brother; but it has been happily recovered since I have been in this place.

"The stories that have been told of me have been beyond everything wonderful. 'Tis but of little consequence. The mother of Euripides sold greens for her livelihood, and the father of Demosthenes sold knives for the same purpose; but does it lessen the worth of the men? Yet, as Johnson observes, 'there is no pleasure in relating stories of poverty; and when I tell them that my father was an old bookseller, let them be content without further inquiry.' What man, now he is dead, did not rejoice at the honour of his acquaintance? Many would be as proud to handle the pencil of

Titian as the sceptre of the emperor he painted.

"And now, perhaps you will say, what necessity was there for all this? To which I reply, Not to satisfy public curiosity, nor to be told again; but you will perceive that as I write you creep into my confidence, and that when I converse or write to you, I appear to be prating about myself. It will be the better way, when you have read this letter, to burn and forget it, with this reflection on me,—that *I* from my childhood have been obliged to think.

"God bless you!

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO MRS. T.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Tell me, is this not a curse?
Say, is their anger or their friendship worse?
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, though in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, *Keep your* PEACE *nine years.*

"As I find you have already had an account how the doctor or doctors intended to disgrace me, a recapitulation of the glorious event would be superfluous. The circumstance, as might be expected, has been of much service to me; and those who intended by this weak and silly conduct to clip my wings, have found that the mischief has fallen on themselves. Oh! how often do I find dear Dr. Geach's sentence verified, '*Everything that is wrong punishes itself!*' From the man who offered me this insult I have received what may be called three apologies, and an invitation to dine. He has told me the estimation in which he holds my professional talents, the great regard he has for me, and the general good opinion he entertains of me. I listened; but I consider a slanderer less hurtful than a flatterer:

'For of all creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.'

His conduct may be passed by; and I hope I shall ever retain the wise maxim, 'Wis-

dom is first pure, then peaceable.' During the whole of this affair I have remained quiet, and suffered the public to draw their own conclusions. Whatever you may hear, dear madam, let not your friendship say one word in my favour.

"I must decline your kind invitation. I cannot be absent at this time, on account of poor Mrs. J. R. The happiness of a whole family depends upon the welfare of this amiable young lady.*

* The case of this lady excited general commiseration. Her husband, a captain in the Royal Navy, sailed to cruise in the Channel a few weeks after his marriage, and his ship was supposed to have been upset in a heavy gale which occurred shortly after. Hope against probability was long in preventing the termination of that state of terrible suspense which had nearly proved fatal to the unhappy widow. She gave birth to a son, and withdrawing entirely from society, she devoted herself to him. He proved in every sense all she could have desired: he entered the Church, was appointed to a living in Devonshire, and his great happiness was in establishing his beloved mother in his own home. But mysterious are the ways of Providence! Within a short period after, he took leave of her for a day or two to visit a friend, and was found dead on the following morning, from the rupture of a vessel connected with the heart. The bereaved parent has survived him several years; and though the bodily frame is wasted and the solace of health has been

"The life of Petrarch is before me, and he writes thus to his Laura: 'I began this letter with the day, and with the day I will end it. I have prolonged my conversation with you, because it is delightful to me thus to enjoy your presence, notwithstanding the mountains that separate us.' This I would say to you with as much sincerity as it was ever uttered by Petrarch. Thank Mr. T. with my kind regards for his letter. Young David is a prodigy.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

"DEAR MADAM,

"AT this period of my life, (as my face is not yet sanctioned by years,) much delicacy and difficulty often arises within myself in delivering my opinion to medical men, whose understandings may be matured by

long unfelt, the mind is full of peace and resignation, and the amiable sufferer has been enabled to acknowledge, that in the most trying dispensations of Providence the afflicted Christian may call on the promised Comforter, and will not call in vain.

age or ignorance. Often to my recollection does it bring this happy epigram of Plato, and as happily translated,

'If length of beard much wisdom doth denote,
Yield, yield, great sire, your wisdom to the goat.'

"That experience in the practice of physic is of service, I believe no one will deny; but if diseases are not watched with the strictest observance to the rules, efforts, and laws of nature, great practice will not much increase knowledge, nor years bring skill. A man may be richer, but not wiser. In this country, (with sorrow be it mentioned,) the old school of physicians, that were guided by reason and influenced by facts, tottered when Huxham died, and vanished when Geach fell. In those, as learning presided over their judgment, nature felt the influence of their skill. There are not many of that denomination, I believe, remaining in London; and in those 'the keepers of the house begin to tremble.'

"Will you tell Mr. T. that I wish much to see him by accident, that I may inquire

if he has ever experienced the good effects of salting damaged hay?

"I am attending the President of the Board of Agriculture, who is quite full of it (as most men are full of new things); and I know not, if I were to write an essay on the good effects of salt, if it might not bring me into further repute. We might hand it down from the ancients, with most venerable memory, for Lucretius, from its wonderful use, named it panacea; and the ancient pagans had flour and salt mixed together to be thrown upon their victims; and you know it was a command also given to the children of Israel, never to offer sacrifices without salt. Mr. Pitt seems to have had a wish to preserve it sacred by his taxation on it."

"DEAR MRS. T.

"WHENEVER I hear from you, it is an inexpressible source of happiness; for it often makes me pleased with myself.

"I wish I could see Captain —— again. He is just the man I should have wished to talk to Mrs. K. because he does not praise without observation, nor criticise without leading to improvement. I think him a person with a superior mind, labouring under hypochondriacal affections. He says he shall travel through Italy and Holland, as well as France, to see all the capital collections of pictures. I think that will do him good; because knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing is produced: it is a vacuity, in which the soul sits torpid and motionless for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range. . . . .

"We have nearly lost our dear little boy this week from convulsion fits; but, thank God, he is now better.

"Believe me ever, &c.

"W. K."

"DEAR MADAM,

"WHEN I once said something on the word *last*, and reflected on its melancholy sound, I then felt what I now feel,—a distress that this correspondence must at some time cease. . . . . When Mr. —— robbed Ambrose Philips of his royal dignity as prince of namby-pamby, which was bestowed on him by Pope, perhaps he forgot the good lines contained in Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress;' and surely his pastoral ballad demands particular notice. 'In the first part,' says Dr. Johnson, 'are two passages, to which if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature.' I allude to where it begins,

'I prized every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more."

I quote from memory; but I believe it is correct.

"The violets are carefully enfolded in the letter to which they belong. They came to me quite withered, and brought to my recollection Prior's beautiful garland,

'Such as they are to-day,
Such we, alas! may be to-morrow.'

"I am a little distressed in mind at the loss of a very ingenious friend, who by accident was on board the Queen Charlotte when she blew up. Melancholy and dreadful catastrophe!

'Sons of Amphion! by one general sweep
Hurl'd into air, and deluged in the deep.'

"To-day is Thursday. This is written and quite ready to deliver to the office; but I shall delay it till to-morrow, that you may not receive it on Friday. To-morrow is a sacred day; and that day three years, poor Dr. Geach and I rose at five o'clock

in the morning to visit the sick in the hospital, that we might attend divine worship. When I went to his bedside, he took me by both hands, and said, 'I thank God for the blessings we enjoy, and that we are both alive; and hope, through the merits of our blessed Lord and Saviour, we shall obtain life everlasting.' It was his constant custom on all high festivals that none of his numerous avocations should prevent his attendance on divine worship. Believe me, whatever the whispers of malice and calumny may say, he was venerable for his piety.

"If you can with propriety, and from yourself, will you ask the following questions of Miss ——: From whence the canonical hours in use in the Roman Church had their beginning? and whether each canonical hour does not contain three lesser hours, so that in the whole night and day there are eight canonical hours? . . .

"I ask these questions, because by the division of the day into four quarters, or

greater hours, the Evangelists are reconciled touching our Saviour's passion. He was crucified at the third hour, Mark xv. 25. St. John intimates his examination before Pilate to have been at the sixth hour. In the first place, we must understand by His crucifying, not his hanging on the cross, which was not till the sixth hour, Luke xxiii. 44; nor his expiration, which was not till the ninth hour, Mark xv. 34; but his examination under Pilate, at which time the people cried out, 'Crucify him, crucify him;' and the third and sixth hour will be easily reconciled: for, these two hours immediately following each other, what was done on the third might truly be said to be done on the sixth. This shows, however, that the hours of the Jews were of two sorts,—the lesser containing twelve hours in the day, the other four. But there appears to have been, notwithstanding what you tell me, but three hours of prayer,—the third, sixth, and ninth; the third instituted by Abraham, the sixth by

Isaac, and the ninth by Jacob. The third hour, the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles; about the sixth, Peter went up to the house-top to pray; at the ninth, Peter and John went into the temple.

"Providence has given, no doubt, almost to all some peculiar talent, whereby they may become useful to mankind. All in general feel that peculiar influence. Mr. Hammick (if I may be allowed the expression) was born with the knife in his hand; and I hope it will be deemed neither vanity nor presumption to say, that I have ever felt a peculiar talent for the study of physic. In the practice of it I always feel at home. The common routine adapted to common complaints never cost me an hour's trouble; but the investigation of the ancient physicians (without which excellence dare not be aimed at) has cost me many a night's toil, and will cost me still many more. All this you may readily believe, when *you* know, and *you only*, that I was but twenty when Dr. Geach died.

When he was alive, his assistance in distress could always be had; when he was no more, the Stoic maxim, which you have before heard me apply on a different occasion, I was obliged to have recourse to, 'that what I wanted, I was forced to borrow from myself.'

"It is somewhat strange, that though in many arts and sciences improvement has advanced in a step of regular progression from the first moment of their invention; in others, it has kept no pace with time, and we look back to ancient excellence with wonder not unmixed with awe. Medicine seems to be one of these ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity. This is lamentably true, although anatomy has been better illustrated, the materia medica enlarged, and chemistry better understood."

"MY DEAR MRS. T.

"SINCE the commencement of my sincere friendship for you, I have in no instance felt your kindness more than by the inclosure of your letter to Sir Harry. After reading it, I can say nothing of your mind nor your resignation; they surpass all praise. Lipsius, the great master of the Stoic philosophy, in his admirable treatise on steadiness of mind, endeavours to fortify the breast against too much sensibility of misfortune by relating the evils and calamities which have at all times fallen upon all ages of the world; and I think the voice of the multitude seems to justify the procedure: 'for one of the first comforts,' says Dr. Johnson, 'which one neighbour administers to another is a relation, of the like infelicity, combined with circumstances of greater bitterness.'

'How oft in vain the son of Theseus said,
The stormy sorrows be with patience laid.
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone:
Weigh others' woes, and learn to bear thy own.'

"I am but just returned from the grave wherein have been deposited this morning the remains of poor Captain Twisden of the Revolutionnaire frigate.

"Mrs. Twisden was confined about five weeks since, and with difficulty came here about ten days since to see her husband, who was in tolerable health and good spirits. On Thursday week she took leave of him (alas! never to meet again on this earth). The next day, Captain Twisden went to sea: on Saturday about twelve o'clock he dropt down and died; on Sunday he was brought in here, and, as I have just told you, to-day his funeral rites were performed.

"Thus, when we look abroad and behold the multitudes that groan under miseries as heavy, or heavier than those we ourselves have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and, instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

"The good opinion, the anxiety, the everything I had formed about *your dear boy*, arose from a thousand circumstances and little traits, that strongly marked in my mind something superior in his way of proceeding, and something desirable in his heart; but all is now past.* I trust God will support you and Mr. T. under this bitterness of grief.

"God bless you! Yours, &c.

"W. K."

"DEAR MRS. T.

"How little do we know what we shall do on the morrow! That morrow on which I promised to write to you in my last letter, my dearest little boy was taken ill, and this night he closed his eyes for ever. The affliction of his poor parents is

* This lady's son, a midshipman, a very fine boy, went to sea in the Courageaux, fell overboard, and could not be saved.

very great. I can at present write nor say more; but pray believe me

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. K."

"Jan. 20th, 1802."

"DEAR MRS. T.

"You ought to have received my thanks for your many kind letters before now; but my spirits have been so oppressed, that I have not had sufficient power of myself to do that which I wished, and what I ought to have done. Frequently have I told you that I never received one of your letters but with indescribable gratification. Believe me, to the full extent did I feel this when I received your first letter after the death of my dearest dear little boy.

"The most afflicting miseries that attend mankind are in general, I think, produced by death; yet we form schemes and projects as if we could command that life which Almighty power can alone give or

take. The duties of my profession ought, I confess, to teach me consolation in my present affliction, when every day's experience shows me the uncertainty of human life, and how little is attached to human skill and human wisdom. Perhaps scarcely half the babes that see the light survive their first, second, or third year; and if we weigh well this instance of Providence, I think the eye of mercy is visible; for what can be greater goodness than to bless the innocent, and to secure still more happiness to the happy?

"Yet, notwithstanding all this, death and separation are terrible indeed to the fond parent and friend. The cultivation of religion, however, can somewhat soften these afflictions. Zeno rejoiced that a shipwreck had thrown him on the Athenian coast, as he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of religion, virtue, wisdom, and immortality. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. When afflictions fail to have their

due effect, the case is desperate. They may be considered as the last remedy of a benevolent Providence. The beautiful lines of an ancient poet (but which lose some of their beauty by the translation) are,

'Parent of good! master of the world!
Wherein thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?'

"As we both are now suffering alike, my dear friend, I hope I have not tired you by this strain of writing. My kind regards to Mr. T. Mrs. K. desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

"Believe me, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Knighton's removal to London. — Letter from Dr. Hawker.—Difficulties in establishing a Medical Practice. —Letter to Mrs. T.—Unexpected embarrassment.—Removal to Edinburgh.—Letter from the late Mr. Northcote.

It will be seen by some of the foregoing extracts that the difficulties were various which Dr. Knighton had to contend with; but all were subdued by firmness and the most scrupulous correctness of conduct. In 1803 he determined to remove to London. To this he was partly induced by the great fatigue of country practice, and by a wish for a more extensive sphere of occupation; but what perhaps chiefly influenced him was a desire of change of scene, after the death of his little boy. On this occasion a letter found amongst Sir

William's papers may probably be read with interest. It was from a late eminent and learned divine. Though there may have been some diversity of opinion respecting his doctrinal views, it may be said that he was a sincere and pious Christian.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"BE assured that I never heard till yesterday that death had made a breach in your family; otherwise I should have assumed the freedom of a friend, and paid you somewhat more than the ceremonious visit of condolence.

"It struck me just now that that part of my Pilgrim where the paper is put in might say somewhat, under grace, to soothe dear Mrs. Knighton's mind and yours under this bereaving providence. It is said that music sounds sweetest upon the waters; and sure I am, by experience, that the melody of the gospel is most pleasingly felt when the soul is on the billows of

affliction, and the natural harp is hung upon the willows.

"I beg you to accept the accompanying copy of my little work, in token of my esteem. And very earnestly desiring the God of all grace to make this call of His to minister to His glory, and yours and Mrs. Knighton's welfare,

"I remain, dear sir,

"In the humblest of words,

"Your servant in Christ,

"ROBERT HAWKER."

"Lord's Day, noon, July 24, 1802."

It was a serious risk to quit an established practice for one merely prospective; more particularly as Dr. Knighton was known only to a limited number of persons in town. His difficulties proved, indeed, to be greater than he had anticipated; though he had every reason to be grateful for the exertion and patronage of those who had encouraged his removal from Devonshire.

The annexed letter to his friend Mrs T. gives a curious but true account of his first arrival.

"MY DEAR MRS. T.

"I MUST crave your forgiveness for intentionally deceiving you. It is the first time, and in all probability will be the last: but when I said I should see you speedily at Goodamoor, I knew I should not; for indeed I could not take leave of you. Friendship (the brightest virtue) has kindled in my breast a regard so sincere and affectionate, that I chose to take leave of Goodamoor by looking steadily towards it as I passed, rather than by a nearer approach. In doing this, I had time sufficient to contemplate the numberless instances of yours and Mr. T.'s kindness, friendship, and goodness towards me. If the heart could explain its feelings, it would say sufficient. Farewell, Devonshire; but not, I hope, to your friendship. I trust

I may hear its sound in many and *frequent* sheets. Pray let it be so.

"Well, my dear Mrs. T. here I am, bent for what purpose I know not. This I am certain of, that if I am to cut a conspicuous figure in this world of worlds, it cannot be more so than on my arrival at Blake's Hotel in Jermyn-street. I think I looked like Fag the actor, or the Vicar of Wakefield's Moses; for having only one coat (and that not very new), I had the misfortune to divide part of the sleeve from the body, and in that trim I made my entrée. The people hesitated to receive me; but at last my voice got the better of my figure, and I desired the waiter not to be frightened. The man stared, for he looked like a nobleman compared to me. He inquired of the servant if I did not belong to the navy; for they had had many arrivals lately of gentlemen in that line with very similar costumes. The servant had sense enough to say I was a gentleman living on

my fortune; which perhaps just now is true enough. I have, however, metamorphosed my head and my dress, and I do assure you 'I am now a very, *very* respectable-looking figure.' "

An unexpected embarrassment arose from the Royal College of Physicians, which Dr. Knighton thus related in a letter to his wife, then on a visit to her mother in Devonshire.

"I MUST now mention a circumstance of no small anxiety in the incidents of our life; namely, that of the college: for, having pushed everything as far as I can, and taken the most serious advice of my own judgment and reflection on the subject, I have resolved forthwith to go to Edinburgh, there to remain and take my doctor's degree according to the statutes of the Royal College of Physicians. Some temporary loss we may sustain; but I am aware we shall in the end be well repaid.

Oppression (and it is agreed on all hands that this is most oppressive) generally rouses the breast of the virtuous and industrious with indignation, and determined zeal to overcome all difficulties. This, I confess, I now feel in a stronger degree than ever; and nothing but the cessation of life shall ever make me relinquish the object I have in view. I am in pursuit, I know, of fame and fortune, and virtue and industry must obtain them.

"The world may laugh at the folly of ambition; but it appears to me that the purposes for which we were sent upon this planet are to prepare for that place of purity and immortal bliss which will be enjoyed by the pure hereafter; and what remains to be done after this is to fill up the vacuity of time in the most useful manner to ourselves and society.

"In doing this, all that counteracts indolence and depravity must be meritorious. If I acquire fame, something that renders

me famous must be useful to mankind: if I acquire riches, they will be pleasant, if not necessary, to those that follow me. It has been said that riches can keep out but one evil, namely, poverty; but it has been well observed by a sensible woman, 'What good can they not let in?'

"I know that everything that is valuable must have its price. To that I submit, as every virtuous mind must wish to do, to gain that which of all things is most desirable,—pre-eminence in that profession which one has chosen to undertake. Dr. —— told me in his carriage to-day, that he had no doubt whatever of my success, and that this journey would operate strongly to my advantage. What a store of knowledge shall I add!

"Industry and determined application must succeed. There is always a gap in the hedge that a man may step into: for some men are indolent from having a small competency, some are entirely so from inclination or constitution; others may be

industrious, but success is counteracted by grossness of manner, or some low vice. So, you see, vacancies will always occur, and the man who brings himself contrary to all this must and will gain his object. When Erskine began to study the law, he was thirty, and surrounded by poverty; but that made him successful, for necessity always begets power. Sir Joshua Reynolds began late; and the present Dr. D. who is now at the head of his profession and worth ninety thousand pounds, had no practice whatever until he had passed the age of forty. Records without number might be told. Thus, then, my dearest D. you see the road that lies before us, and what we have to do. We must go on without dismay, and never look behind until we have gained the summit.

"I can attach no blame to myself whatever respecting the want of foresight, as the college never carried this oppressive law into execution until my arrival in London, nor until after my application;

nor, farther, did they even intimate in the annual publication of their licentiates, that men possessed of degrees that had not resided should be prevented the benefit of their examination, and the licence that follows. The same degree that I practise under is held by Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Denman, Drs. Clarke, Croft, Batty, Halifax, Babington, and many others.

"Sir Francis Milman did all he could to serve me. I saw his letter to the President: he called me 'a worthy deserving man, a man of talent, and his particular friend.' This was kind, flattering, and pleasing; but all would not do. However, I am very happy, and in good spirits about it; and if you meet it with the same firmness that I do, it is not worth a thought more. We can live cheaply and comfortably, and return to town with new zeal and vigour; and I can then demand what I have before solicited."

The resolution once formed, no time

was lost by Dr. Knighton in the execution of it. A house which had been purchased and furnished in Argyle-street was disposed of, and Dr. and Mrs. Knighton repaired to Edinburgh, where his studies were pursued with the most unremitting zeal; volumes of notes and remarks were made from the various lectures of the professors; and thus was the theoretical knowledge of that science completed, which had before been practically learnt by the bedside of the sick and suffering.

During Dr. Knighton's residence in Edinburgh he received much attention from some of the principal persons there; and he had also the gratification of obtaining warm expressions of friendship and approval in the correspondence of his friends in England. A letter from the late Mr. James Northcote may probably be read with interest, as it relates principally to the extraordinary excitement which was caused in its day by the young Roscius, Master Betty.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"To write, or not to write? has been the question: whether it was best to put you to the expense of a letter to Scotland, in which I should not be able to give you matters either interesting or useful, as you are now removed into another world, as it were, and cannot be much concerned in what is passing here; or, on the contrary, not to write would give you an idea that I had forgotten you and all your kindnesses to me, and nothing can be farther from the reality than such a return: but I hope, if ever that should be in your head, that you will recollect that I have a mortal aversion to write letters, though nobody loves better to receive them; and if I could with any face desire it, I would beg you to let me know about you very often, for I am more interested about you than your modesty makes you think. I have a thousand and a thousand times since you have been gone found myself in great want of your good advice, your most friendly assistance

and most pleasant society; and I do assure you that I look forward with much impatience to the time when you and dear Mrs. Knighton may return to London, which will be no small addition to the happiness of my life.

"I hope Mrs. Knighton does not neglect her studies, and that she meets with opportunities for both study and improvement. I shall expect to see some grand Scotch subjects from her on her return to London. As to your own progress, I have no doubt but your merits will meet their reward.

"As to news, I do not know what to give you that would be such. Of public affairs you know as much as myself; and of domestic, perhaps you know all that I can tell you.

"You know there has been a sad fire at Plymouth, which burnt down the two next houses adjoining to my brother's, and that his house has been nearly demolished, in order to save the whole street; that all his

books and fine philosophical instruments have been most terribly broken and lost, and that he cannot live in his house again for some months. But, thank God, his health and spirits are in a good state.

"The whole attention here has been of late entirely taken up by the young Roscius: he and Buonaparte now divide the world, though in our region he has by far the largest part. He has now fifty pounds a night; but when this short engagement is expired, he is to have a hundred pounds a night, and one or two benefits. He at present gets between four and five thousand a year. This is, I believe, the first instance that ever happened in the world since the Creation, of a child so much under age getting such an income by any ability.

"I think he is very excellent; his gracefulness is unparalleled; and the violence of the desire to see him either on or off the stage is like a madness in the people. I have, by means of Mr. Parker, had him to sit for a full-length portrait, which is now

finished. I much wish you and Mrs. Knighton could see it, as it is thought the best picture I have done, and a strong likeness; but I found him a most impatient, restless sitter. It is to be engraved by Heath in the line manner; the plate to be the sole property of the father of the boy. He is to give Heath eight hundred pounds for doing it, who will be more than a twelvemonth working on it. He says he shall make it the finest plate that has ever been done in England, as he thinks the picture is better calculated for a print than any picture he ever saw.

"I hope you will not hurt your health by too close an application to your studies. From seven in the morning till five in the evening is much too long; and then to have nothing but oatmeal to live on, which is the only food to be got, they say, in Scotland.

"Perhaps you might like I should describe the picture which I have done of the young Roscius. It is a full-length figure,

dressed in a black Vandyke dress, such as he has in acting the character of Hamlet: he is in the action of going up steps to a kind of altar, on which is placed the bust of Shakspeare; at the bottom of the steps is a tripod, with the smoke of incense burning; at the other side are the implements of tragedy, viz. dagger, cup, &c. I have seen a good deal of the young Roscius; have dined in his company several times; went to the Tower with him and Sir George and Lady Beaumont, where we spent the whole day in seeing sights; and it was curious to see what a mob of people gathered when he was known: and at the time he goes to the playhouse, a much greater mob is seen than ever there was to see the king pass.

"I do not recollect any more to say, but that I desire my best compliments and love to Mrs. Knighton, and that my sister joins in the same, and that it will always be a very high gratification to us both if you would favour us with a letter now and

then, when it does not intrude too much on your and Mrs. Knighton's time.

"I think I have now made out a very long letter upon nothing. I wish I could have continued it so as to give you more amusement; but it will only serve to show my love, and that I think of you all, though absent; and if I do not write often, pray do not take it ill.

"If you and Mrs. Knighton see Raeburn the painter, let me have your opinion of his works. I believe he knows a little of me; I dined once with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. I should like to know if there are many fine portraits in Holyrood House, or in any of the palaces of the nobility; and if there is anything striking in the attitudes or designs, I wish Mrs. Knighton would just mark it in her pocket-book with a black-lead pencil.

"Please to tell Michel the engraver that I wish much to see a proof of the plate of Abercromby, as I have never seen anything

of it. We are, thank God, in good health; and so is Duke (the dog). We pray for you all, and remain, my dear friend,

"Most truly and affectionately yours,

"JAMES NORTHCOTE."

"Argyll-street,
July 28, 1805."

CHAPTER IV.

Letters from Dr. Knighton to Mrs. T.—Letter to another Friend.—Return to London.—Dr. Knighton rapidly established in practice.—Letter to the late Sir Michael Seymour.—Increased practice.

Dr. Knighton's sudden removal from London to Edinburgh naturally excited much anxiety on the part of his friends: this, however, was greatly allayed by the firmness with which he met so unexpected a necessity. In a letter from Edinburgh to his friend Mrs. T., Dr. Knighton says,

"Perhaps you were surprised at my leaving London. I confess at the time it was not a little distressing to my feelings to be obliged to do so; but I am most thoroughly satisfied that I have done right, as it will give me an opportunity of demand-

ing that which I alone seem to have been refused. I most cheerfully persevere, therefore, against what I have no doubt will be advantageous severities; and if every effort of human industry, combined with all that an honest and laudable ambition can inspire, will lead to success and high eminence in my profession, I have little doubt but that I shall obtain it; and I shall then have a further opportunity of acknowledging to you and Mr. T. my great obligations, as two of my first, best, and most sincere friends.

"I hope to return to town with tenfold advantages. Few people, I believe, who are determined to carry any particular point fail in its accomplishment; and mine I shall never give up but with my life.

"The cold at this season is here very severe indeed, which makes it not a little unpleasant; but Sir Harry would have reminded me with great propriety, that nothing should be considered unpleasant at this blessed season."

The confident anticipations of success entertained in the foregoing letter by Dr. Knighton, were destined to be realized, as will appear in the following extract from a letter to Mrs. T., dated "London."

"Your letters are always delightful to me, and never fail to give me infinite pleasure. Whilst you can write them, (and I trust God will grant that power to a great length of years,) I hope that you will not suffer this delight to cease, nor the friendship with which you have honoured me. How often have I thought of that happy fall which induced you so kindly to inquire after me, and by which I believe I was first encouraged to invite you to that correspondence, from which I have derived so much happiness, and I can with truth and much honesty say, refinement and instruction to my mind!

"With respect to great learning in the study of physic, I hold it to be the most invaluable friend a man can have; not

in the cure of diseases, because many an eminent physician, eminent really in the science, has been formed without it; as, for instance, the accurate Dr. Hunter, who, Sir Francis Milman told me, could scarcely write a common prescription. The aid it gives, then, is a firmness and self-consequence to the mind in difficulties, which nothing can shake, lessen, or overturn. I need not tell you how little depends on learning in recommending you to the fashionable world as a physician; and I have often thought it was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, 'Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.'

"Sir Richard Steele has in one of his papers the following excellent observations: 'It would certainly be difficult to prove that a man of business, or a profession, ought not to be what we call a gentleman; but yet few of them are so. Upon this account they have little con-

versation with those who might do them much service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for anything they can do or say in such matters they have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing: and yet, if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good breeding give more just cause for raillery than the unlettered coxcombs with it; as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and our failure in it is therefore more visible. In short, I am convinced, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner without the help of good breeding. It is our behaviour and address

upon all occasions that prejudice people in our favour or to our disadvantage; and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few. It is not justifiable, then, to spend so much time in that of which so very few are judges, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.'

"But, however, do not think from this that I am become a gay coxcomb; because I really hope I am every day improving in learning, as I never studied harder, with more satisfaction, or more determined industry. With respect to my practice, my progress surpasses what I expected, and kind fortune seems to have laid fast hold of me.—But stop,—I feel no security, as something new may arise, the least expected perhaps, and turn the scale; so that I may have reason to say, in these lines of Roscommon's, which he has so prettily translated from Horace,

'When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?'

"A day or two since, I was sent for to the Earl of M. E.'s, to see the governess; and, on my entrance, an old lady came up and said, 'Dr. Knighton, the Countess Dowager of M. E. is very happy to see you.' Dr. K. gave one of his best bows. After going through the case, I was about to take my departure; when the countess took me into another room, and desired to know what confidential man was left at Plymouth; how much she should lament my absence when she went to the Mount; and concluded by calling poor Geach 'the oracle of oracles.' This gave me, of course, an opportunity of pronouncing a eulogy on the living oracle, for so I called Mr. Hammick. The old lady seemed pleased, and I took my leave until Saturday.

"I think I said, a few days ago, that I should give you a general answer to many observations which your affectionate friendship towards me induced you to make; but I shall forego the promise, and merely say that the word 'despondency' is by no means

applicable to the disposition of mind which generally bears the term in the English language. You tell me, my good friend, very seriously, that you feel actual surprise when you consider what I have done, considering my years. My answer is, that according to the common pursuits of young men in general, it may be so; but I myself am not the least surprised, when I reflect on the sleepless nights and weary days, and the scanty pittance of necessity, which induced it. You will inquire if others are not placed in a similar situation. It may be so; and the same will always attend the pursuit, if no gross vice or constitutional infirmity arises to counteract it. My greatest blessing in early life was my wholesome share of good common sense, which enabled me on the spur of the moment to act with propriety, which always came unasked, and was therefore always more valuable. When the mind sinks, then, — or I should rather say, feels the weight of the continual struggle with the contending world for a

small share of its blessings,—it is no wonder, when it recurs to the rugged road behind, and looks at the weary length of the distant prospect before, that it should ask itself, 'Have you not attempted too much?' Where is the heart to be found, that possesses virtue, sensibility, or talent, that in answering the question during the arduous pursuit, (on which, thank God, only his earthly existence depends,) can give it without the sigh of deep oppression?

"If, my dear friend, you think the word 'despondency' right to be applied to me, I beg you will let its meaning be drawn from the feelings which I have just given you. I do not wait for you to remind me, my good friend, of that beautiful image comprehended under our blessed Saviour's miracle of the storm. It is indeed quite impossible to conceive that, without the influence of holiness, the mind can struggle on against the storms of human existence; for, even with the assistance and influence of others, it requires some bright spot of

splendid virtue, which no tempest can destroy, no cloud darken, or it would be difficult to enter into the terrible gulf."

PART OF A LETTER TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

"I RESIDED in Devonshire nearly six years after my return from London. The first nine months of that time were spent with Dr. Geach, and were consequently dedicated not to mercenary gain, but to improvement in my profession. After his death, some months passed away before I was much noticed by the public; but at last some successful cases occurring, gave me that sanction which produced a fatiguing and considerable practice. The period of time which this comprehended may probably be little more than four years and a half; and, notwithstanding the tumult which was made by inferior and trifling people in the profession, few young men can look back with greater satisfaction.

"To begin life early is often a misfor-

tune, more especially where the mind is called upon to exercise the judgment, which, for the most part, can be only acquired by time. But it is no trifling gratification to me, (now that I am more capable of judging,) when I retrace with what success I followed the exercise of my profession, and how much a rigid application of the mind can supersede the necessity of time. As my thoughts had ever been turned to the attainments of medical knowledge, it was natural I should look to that place where, when they were acquired, they alone could be well estimated; I mean London."

In 1806, after completing the requisite period of residence in Edinburgh, Dr. Knighton returned to London, passed through the ordeal of the Royal College of Physicians, and took the house previously occupied by Dr. Halifax, in Hanover-square, which was fitted up and furnished with that attention to economy which the uncertainty of professional success and the

apprehension in an honest mind of incurring debts without the means of liquidating them naturally excited.

The anxieties and difficulties of the first outset in a profession in which are so many able competitors are very great; but the kind patronage and influence of a limited number of persons of rank and consequence, to whom Dr. Knighton's ability had become known during his residence in Devonshire, tended essentially to his success; and after a little time he rapidly got into practice, contrary to the expectations of his relations and connexions in the country, by whom he was strongly urged to return. The following letter to his brother-in-law, the late Sir Michael Seymour, completely relieved their doubts.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"You have heard before this, from my letter to dear Dorothea, of the determination I have made to persevere in my professional pursuits in this town. The more

I consider the subject, the more confident I feel in the hopes that I am pursuing the right path. Indeed, long before my arrival, I felt that I ought not for a moment to hesitate which road I was to follow; but the kindness of the people in general had in some degree got the better of these feelings, which I hope I shall ever possess,—a determination to enjoy the highest reputation the line of practice I am engaged in will allow; and if labour, application, and perseverance are requisites that lead to it, I am decided that these shall entitle me to it.

"In viewing the situation in which I should be placed if I returned to Devonshire, I am well aware it is what most men would be content with. I should have a good house, good meat and drink, and as good clothes as my neighbours, and probably, after a series of years, might with great economy save a small competency; but the price I should pay for this is not equivalent to the value.

"The time would come when I should not be able to move with that velocity which I do at present. Novelty soon ceases, and the place can maintain but one medical favourite; and how long he may be well thought of is very uncertain. Ability or superiority of mind is not in the calculation. A volunteer idler, a borough freeman, are all courted by their different votaries; and the distinction of skill and application, if considered at all, is the effect of accident. Happily, perhaps, for the world, the greater part are involved in ignorance; and such is their levity, that they seem content to remain so. In this town, if it should please God to give me health and the common chance which application produces, I can have nothing to fear. Wherever I look, the prospect is fair. Every day brings me some new connexions; and I feel confidence as to the result of my labours.

"I have had so far to wade through a sea of difficulties; but, the occurrences of

this year conquered, I hope I shall have paid the price for future success. As what is to come, therefore, will be valuable, the purchase cannot be considered dear. A well-earned reputation, wealth to do good, to bestow and to enjoy, ease in the decline of life, and the reflection that the short stay here has not been idly spent, cannot but rouse the feelings of the most indolent mind, and detain even the most unkind in doubt respecting their censure. This is what I hold out to myself,—whether it be delusion or not, must be left to time; but I am not to be dismayed by the prodigal and thoughtless; and it is a chance, if I do succeed, whether it may be equally said in my prosperity, 'I thought it would come to this.'

"After this declaration, my dear friend, I turn my back on Devonshire. The idea of ever returning, let the event be what it may, is now at an end. William would never have conquered this island if he had not burnt his ships.

"From the immensity of this metropolis your character is kept up by a repetition of fame, and one circle hands you over to another; so that the first may be lost without injury, and the second is often more valuable than the first. No petty incidents of life are inquired into: a man is paid his price for his labours, and the obligation considered mutual. You are less exposed to the tricks of the trader and the fire of the brandy-merchant."

The result of the determination expressed in the above letter fulfilled the hopes of the writer: his practice continued to increase. He was soon obliged to add a carriage to his establishment, and had no longer any apprehension of an inability to meet the increased expenditure.

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Knighton chosen as Medical Attendant by the Marquis Wellesley on his Embassy to Spain.—Journal.—Anecdotes of Pitt and Fox.—Embark on board the Donegal.—Capture of three Galiots.—Pitt's Speech on the Slave-trade.—Bay of Biscay.—Cape Finisterre.—Rock of Lisbon.—Cape St. Vincent.—Arrival in the Bay of Cadiz.—Letters to Mrs. Knighton.

In the year 1809, Dr. Knighton had the honour of being chosen as medical attendant by that distinguished nobleman and statesman, the Marquis Wellesley, to accompany him on his embassy to Spain; and his lordship's liberality enabled him to risk the inconvenience which might be the consequence of this interruption to his professional career. Fortunately this absence proved of shorter duration than had been anticipated; and a fragment of a journal, with some extracts from Dr. Knighton's

letters to his wife, will best describe his feelings, and the circumstances attending his situation with the embassy.

"July 22nd, 1809.—On this day, about five, I left my house in Hanover Square to proceed to Portsmouth, there to embark with Lord Wellesley for Spain.

"From London I was accompanied by Mr. Sydenham, a man of interesting manners, a benevolent heart, and a good understanding: to this he had added considerably by different attainments. His education, however, had been irregular, and the necessities of life had obliged him early to practise industry. He possessed most justly Lord Wellesley's entire confidence; and, on the other hand, his affection was completely with his lordship.

"The first night we slept at Godalming, and the next morning proceeded to Petersfield.

"July 23rd, Sunday.—The day was excessively hot, and the journey afforded

much instructive and interesting conversation. Sydenham informed me that —— had told him that Mr. Pitt and Fox had both examined the records of Scripture with scrupulous care, with a view of satisfying their minds as to a future state; that the result on Mr. Pitt's mind was perfect conviction, but the effect on Mr. Fox's he could not find out. In private Mr. Pitt's wit was as conspicuous and brilliant as in public. The power of arrangement was the leading point of his mind; and by this arrangement it was that he became possessed of such a mass of acquirement. On no subject did he seem wanting. A canal company waited on him; he heard them all, and in answering them, he so entirely satisfied them on every point, that the persons were astonished in discovering that his information quite equalled their own, though they had long been devoted to the exclusive investigation of the subject. Mr. Pitt's habits with respect to his speeches consisted in

making his arrangements in his mind before he went to the House, and supposing every possible point that could be urged by his adversaries. This was his habit of study in his bed, before he arose in the morning.

"At Petersfield I was obliged to wait Lord Wellesley's arrival, and Sydenham went on. About two his lordship arrived. We dined. I observed that this place was celebrated by having given birth to Gibbon the historian. It is a borough town, and formerly belonged to his family. Lord Wellesley gave no decided opinion of Gibbon's works as an historian; but I could discover he thought him too loose to be admired.

"We proceeded to Portsmouth, where we found the whole of our suite, consisting of Major Armstrong, Captain Camac, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Gally Knight. The scene was so new to me, that my spirits were quite oppressed.

"Monday, July 24th. — The morning

was very fine; the bells rang a merry peal; the port-admiral and officers paid their respects to his excellency. At twelve we embarked, being accompanied to the boat by Sir Roger Curtis and others. About a quarter before one we reached the Donegal, which, as soon as we were on board, fired the usual salute. We weighed anchor at half-past one; at four, Sydenham took his leave, and I was without any acquaintance except Lord Wellesley, who was all kindness to me. The wind was fair, and in the morning about eight we were off Plymouth.

"Tuesday, July 25th.—I passed an uncomfortable night, but was not sick. I saw Lord Wellesley twice this day. In the evening we passed the Cornish coast, and at night the Land's End, the ship running seven and eight knots an hour after dusk. This day I wrote to my dearest Dorothea.

"Wednesday, 26th.—I passed a miserable night: it blew fresh, my cot broke:

I awoke with a violent headache. The motion of the ship was painfully disagreeable.

"This day we made prizes of three galiots, and I had an opportunity of writing three or four lines to Dorothea. I was struck with the countenance of one of the masters of the captured vessels. I am certain he had an interest in the cargo. I never witnessed a face more expressive of distress. He acknowledged himself a Prussian; but I am sure he understood English well, though he pretended not. They hoisted Danish colours, and their course was from Bordeaux to ——, laden with wine.

"I was obliged to go to my cot at six, unable to dine; but an hour's sleep acted like a charm, and I awoke comparatively well. In the evening I was amused by a concert in the ward-room, and I passed the night in great comfort.

"July 27th.—This morning, thanks be to God, I awoke in perfect health: the day

was fine, with a fair breeze. Soon after breakfast I saw Lord Wellesley, who was not quite well, and prescribed for him.

"At the dinner on this day, Lord Wellesley spoke of the brilliancy of Mr. Pitt's speech on the slave-trade. He said he had never heard anything equal to it; that his adversaries with uplifted hands acknowledged its power; that Fox during the progress of it could not help exclaiming in terms of admiration. His lordship mentioned the ridicule of Lord Carhampton against the project of emancipating slavery, which he did very successfully, although Mr. Pitt would not allow himself to laugh at his jokes. On the rest of the House the speech was irresistible.

"In the evening we fell in with the Amazon frigate, Captain Parker: the effect beautiful; last from Corunna, but brought no particular news.

"Whilst I was with Lord Wellesley in his cabin this morning, we observed the beauty of the water: it was tinged with

green, purple, white, and a variety of colours. This was in the ship's wake, and was no doubt the effect of light.

"We were this day on the skirts of the Bay of Biscay: in the evening, about eight, forty-five leagues from Corunna, and one hundred and forty from Cape Finisterre.

"July 28th, Friday.—This morning his lordship was much indisposed, and recommended by me not to dine at the mess. At five this day we were in the latitude of Cape Finisterre. The wind was aft, which gave the ship much motion; but I felt quite well.

"July 29th.—Lord Wellesley was better this morning.

"July 30th, Sunday.—This day commenced by divine service. The ceremony was awfully impressive.

"I had the opportunity this morning of investigating the ship throughout, and was much delighted with the cleanliness, order, and regularity which pervaded every part.

This morning, at eight, land was seen, which proved to be the rock of Lisbon. The weather still continued. Yesterday, our distance from land was eighty miles: to-day birds and several porpoises have been seen. In the evening, the Portuguese shore, bold and rocky, with an immense ridge of hills, began to appear; the effect was grand in the extreme. At three o'clock Cape St. Vincent was in sight, on the top of which is a monastery containing about two thousand persons.

"It was ten at night before we weathered the Cape. Cape St. Vincent is a promontory, but beyond it a tract of land runs out into the sea; and as we came abreast of this, the moon made her appearance, and the effect was wonderfully grand. The separation from my wife and child gave me very painful sensations. The band was playing a melancholy air, and the effect on my mind was indescribable.

"Monday, July 31st.—This morning I had the comfort of finding Lord Wellesley

quite well. At eleven, fishing-boats appeared on the Portuguese coast; the weather was mild, and the influence of the climate was already evident. Orders were issued for the different officers this day to appear in uniform; and in the course of the afternoon, the Donegal arrived in the Bay of Cadiz, and on the 1st of August his excellency landed. The royal standard was borne by his lordship's barge; a royal salute was fired from all the ships in the bay, and this was answered from the garrison.

"A vast number of spectators were assembled to witness Lord Wellesley's approach from the ship to the shore; and on stepping from the barge to the carriage, a French flag was so placed, that on first touching Spanish ground the French flag was trampled on. The populace drew him in his carriage to the hotel prepared for his reception. On alighting, his excellency addressed the people,—expressed the pleasure he felt at the respect and attention

shown towards the most gracious sovereign whom he had the honour to represent, and also for these marks of kindness shown to his own person. He begged to return his most grateful thanks, assuring them also that the august sovereign whom he had the honour to represent felt as earnestly as the most zealous of them. At the conclusion of this speech he offered to the mob a handful of gold; when instantly one amongst them refused it, and addressed his companions in a most energetic and patriotic harangue, which was received with the loudest bursts of applause and acclamation."

No more of the journal having been found, the account of the proceedings of the embassy is continued from Dr. Knighton's letters. The editor was disposed to suppress more of the affectionate expressions contained in this correspondence, but has yielded to the judgment of others, that the feelings so natural to the heart

of the writer under this separation from his home were such as most persons could understand and sympathise in.

"Kiss my little darling. I have now been at sea twenty-four hours, am quite free from sea-sickness, and am this morning, thanks be to Almighty God, in perfect health. I am writing this in my cabin, which is indeed very comfortable; and all the officers are very attentive to me, particularly the first lieutenant, and the captain is all I could wish. Lord Wellesley's kindness is very gratifying; and I trust in God the voyage altogether will produce all we could wish. You may rely, my dearest, that I will take all possible care of myself, for your sake and my dear little Dora's. Take care of the easterly winds with the darling. I hope she talks about me, and that the picture will prevent her from forgetting me.

"I trust, as I said in my first letter, if it

pleases God to spare us, we shall soon have the means of enjoying our own cottage and a little bit of land. The happiness is too great to think of; but I trust God will permit it. Captain Brenton is a very good young man, and allows no sailor to swear. The ship is a very fine one, and there is a very good band on board. We dine at five, have coffee at half-past six, tea at eight, and breakfast at half-past eight in the morning.

"I must conclude by desiring you to receive my sincerest love and affection, and my blessing and the utmost of parental affection to dear little Do.

"Give me your daily prayers for our preservation, — that is, if it should seem fitting to the Almighty. Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

"Cadiz, Aug. 2, 1809.

"If I was certain at this moment that you and my dear Dora were well, I should be tolerably happy; but until I

hear from you, my mind will not be at ease.

"I will now proceed to tell you of myself and this country, since I wrote you six lines from the Bay of Biscay. After a pleasant voyage, then, of seven days, we arrived on Monday night off Cadiz. On our approach, the city and distant hills appeared more beautiful than I can describe; the evening was fine, and the sun about to set. We lay to that night for a pilot, and the next morning, about eight, came to anchor a mile from the shore. Soon after, Admiral Purvis and all the officers of the fleet came on board the Donegal to pay their respects to his Excellency.

"About half-past ten, Lord Wellesley landed under the royal standard. Cadiz contains about sixty-five thousand inhabitants. It is in vain to attempt to depict the scene which now took place: no language can describe it. All the English and Spanish ships saluted. This was fol-

lowed by the garrison; and I am certain that not less than five-and-thirty thousand persons lined the shore for two or three miles.

"Four carriages were provided; his Excellency in the first, and the suite followed. Mr. Duff, a very fine old man, upwards of eighty, was at the water's edge to receive Lord Wellesley. We then moved up to the hotel provided for us, all the carriages drawn by the populace; and, what is worthy to be told, Lord Wellesley offered those who drew his carriage a handful of gold, which they refused, exclaiming, "Our gratitude to England induces this." Would an English mob have done this?

"On our arrival at the hotel, a guard of honour received us; and every avenue was lined with sentinels in the house, which resembles an old castle. We then proceeded to the governor, a very fine-looking old man, who is in a bad state of health, to whom I am to go at his particular request this morning. On returning to the

hotel, we received the compliments of the garrison. At three, we dined with the consul, and partook of a very splendid entertainment; but, to show you how much I attend to your injunctions, although there was every delicacy on the table, I simply ate of fish and boiled chicken.

"In the evening, a play and opera were given on our arrival, and the Bolera was danced. The whole city was illuminated at night. The theatre is not quite so large as that of the late Covent Garden, but neat and pretty. The women are not allowed to sit in the pit, and no men in the galleries. The governor's box was prepared for us; and on our entrance we were greeted with huzzas, and "God save the King." This was followed by several patriotic songs.

"It is now right to tell you, that the splendour of our arrival was heightened by intelligence, received three hours previously to our landing, that Sir Arthur Wellesley had defeated the French armies under

Sebastiani and Victor. The detailed accounts had not yet been received; but our loss was said to be nearly four thousand in killed and wounded. The French have been completely defeated, and almost all their cannon taken from them.

"What stay we shall make, it is not possible to conjecture at present. To-morrow or the next day we begin our journey to Seville; but the difficulty of moving in this country you cannot at all understand without witnessing it. I do not feel the heat as yet. The comfort of my portable bed is incalculable: whilst others are infested with vermin, I am quite free.

"We have one of the best houses; but there is no describing the dirt and inconvenience. Our garret is princely, compared to the bed-room in which I am writing; and yet it is impossible not to like the beauty of this place, and the interesting novelty constantly before one. I have, however, as yet, seen hardly anything. I have not been into any of the

convents or churches; but my journal will tell you all, I trust in God, by a comfortable fireside in Old England. I should be quite happy at this moment if you and dearest little Do. were with me. Pray remind her of me; and do you both take care of your health for my sake, as I do for yours.

"In my next despatch, I shall, I trust, be enabled to state the probable length of our stay, and consequently that will decide your journey to Devonshire. However, do not wait for that; if you feel disposed to go, pray do so. I have no objection to any plan that will make you most comfortable during my absence. All I beg is, that you will take care of little Dora and yourself.

"Lord Wellesley is very kind to me. There are only three persons able to sleep in this house, and I am one of them.

"God bless you.

"W. K."

CHAPTER VI.

Resumption of Dr. Knighton's Journal in Spain.—Roman Catholic Procession.—Leave Cadiz for Seville.—The Cavalcade.—La Isla.—Port St. Mary.—Despatches from Sir Arthur Wellesley.—Uncle and Cousin of Ferdinand the Seventh.—Journey to Xeres.—Beauty of the Country.—Unwholesome Water.—Mr. Gordon, his Wife, and Daughter.—Antrouva.—Seville.—The Cathedral.—Major Armstrong.—General Whittingham.—The Heroine of Saragossa.—Murillo's Pictures.—Dr. Knighton's anxiety to return Home.

From time to time, Dr. Knighton continued to send accounts to his family of his progress in Spain. The following is the resumption of his correspondence.

"Cadiz, August 4th, 1809.

"As my whole thoughts are directed towards you and my ever-dearest Do. I shall avail myself of all the opportunities I have to write, and scribble all I do and feel during my absence. The date of this

letter will apprise you of the anniversary it brings with it. How happy I should be if you and my little darling were now with me! Pray give her many kisses for me; I hope she will not forget me. Pray God preserve you both!

"I am writing this about six in the evening. Lord Wellesley is gone to bed very unwell, from the fatigue of the last few days. His lordship and I dined alone."

"Seville, August 12th.

"MY DEAREST,

"I WAS unable to proceed according to my intention of writing from day to day, in consequence of the baggage, with pen, ink, and paper, being sent off many days previously to our quitting Cadiz; but I have put in this bit to show you my intention.

"August 14th. — I write till the last moment; the despatch is detained an hour or two longer. This morning one of the grand Roman Catholic processions has taken place, in honour of the Virgin Mary,

who in the form of waxwork was carried around the cathedral, dressed in a beautiful robe, and sitting in a most superb chair, accompanied by the archbishop and the whole host of priests. Thousands of people bowed down to this image as it passed, and the organ and full choir received it on its re-entrance into the church."

"Seville, August 13th.

"We arrived at this place on Friday, after a three days' journey from Cadiz, and I thank God I am at this moment in perfect health. I shall have an opportunity of writing again in about ten days by the Donegal, when I trust I shall be enabled to give you some certain ideas with respect to our movements. At present everything is in confusion; and such is the state of affairs, that, lest this letter should miscarry, I dare not say another word.

"The whole of the embassy are now in health. I go on very quietly, and keep as much to myself as I can. I am very cau-

tious in all I say, all I eat, and all I drink.

"With Cadiz I am delighted; but Cadiz appears to me in no respect Spain. I must, however, refer you to my journal when I return for an account of it, and proceed to give you a detail of our journey as fast as I can. We left Cadiz, then, on the 8th, at five in the morning: our suite consisted of four carriages, two caravans, and two baggage-carts. These vehicles were drawn by mules, amounting in all to thirty-four; twenty-eight servants, and six muleteers: so you may suppose what a cavalcade we made, and how great was the difficulty of providing accommodations through the different towns we had to pass.

"The distance from Cadiz to Seville is about ninety miles; but the dreadful heat of the weather makes it equal to three hundred in England. Our first stage was to Port St. Mary; but in the intermediate distance is a little town called La Isla. It is very pretty, and much resembles

a picture you may have seen of an Indian town.

"I travelled with Lord Wellesley in his carriage the first day. On our arrival at La Isla, we stopped a few minutes to refresh the mules; and this time I spent with Lord Wellesley in visiting the convent and chapel. From the upper part we saw Cape Trafalgar, the place of Nelson's battle, and also the rock of Gibraltar. The monks inhabiting this convent were of the Carthusian order. They treated us with great civility, and gave us some bread and Paxarete wine. In the chapel I saw one good picture only, and that was a Magdalen by Murillo.

"From this place we proceeded to Port St. Mary. Here we were met by the populace, who took the mules from the carriage, and drew us into the town. We dined at a miserable little inn, where we received despatches from Sir Arthur Wellesley, giving a detailed account of the late sanguinary battle, the particulars of

which must have reached England before this.

"After we had dined, we proceeded to the palace, to which the uncle of Ferdinand the Seventh and his female cousin had fled from Madrid. The uncle is a bishop, a heavy stupid man: he was dressed in his robes to receive us. The princess appeared a lively person, though with a face quite worn with grief. This amiable woman was compelled to marry the infamous Godoy, the Prince of Peace, through whose means the present calamities of Spain have principally arisen. This visit lasted about ten minutes, and we proceeded on our journey to Xeres.

"In our way through this place we passed for the first time through pine and olive plantations, and I also saw a garden of oranges and lemons growing luxuriantly; but the barrenness of the country in general is dreadful. The heat is intolerable, and the weary traveller seeks in vain for shelter from the sun, accommodation

at an inn, or even for water to allay his thirst; for although wells are dug on the road, it is dangerous to drink,—first, from the heat; and next, from the peculiar qualities of the water: but it often happens at this season that the wells are dry.

"At Xeres, Lord Wellesley and myself were lodged at a Mr. Gordon's, a person of Scotch extraction, but now a Spaniard. He spoke English well, but his wife not a word. His daughter, a beautiful woman about nineteen, spoke English, having been educated at a convent near York. She had one little boy about two months old. Her husband, a colonel in the Spanish service, was with the army, and had been lately engaged. Poor soul! her anxiety had disordered her infant, and I just arrived in time to lessen this part of her distress of mind by my advice; so we were soon great friends. I showed her yours and little dear Do.'s pictures, with which she was much delighted.

"After passing a better night than usual

with these hospitable people, we proceeded to ———. Here we arrived in the heat of the day, much fatigued with our journey. Nothing can convey to your mind the miserable beggary of this poor little town; but such as our dinner was, we had it accompanied by a marchioness and her lord, the village doctor, and a priest of course. Here I warned the party against the use of the water, which I discovered in a moment was bad.

"In the evening we continued our journey to Antrouva; and in four hours after we left this place, all who had drunk of the water were seized with violent pains in the stomach and bowels. Lord Wellesley himself was very ill; but in four-and-twenty hours they all recovered, and are now well. We arrived at Antrouva at night, which was passed most miserably. No one but Lord Wellesley had a bed; all the rest were obliged to sit up. The next morning we proceeded for Seville, where we arrived about twelve o'clock.

"On our entrance to this town, a salute was fired from the batteries; the populace again took the mules from the carriage; and bonfires, as demonstrations of joy, were kindled before our palace in the evening; and at twelve at night we were serenaded. I neither like the place nor the inhabitants of Seville. Of the latter I must say no more; but of the place, nothing can exceed the heat, the dust, and the total want of comfort. It was crammed full of unfortunate people from all parts of Spain, and, indeed, of the world.

"The original number of its inhabitants is about sixty thousand; but it now exceeds one hundred and thirty thousand, and about six thousand foreigners. The streets are so narrow in many instances as not to admit of a carriage; and even where they do, you are obliged to step in at a door whilst it passes.

"The cathedral is most magnificent, and I am certain no description can convey to your mind the sublimity of this building.

It contains five large aisles, and some of the choicest pictures of Murillo. There is one of St. Anthony, that exceeds all that can be fancied of painting.

"How I wish you with me! But I hope and trust we shall soon meet never to part again. I have felt this separation so much, that nothing shall tempt me to consent to it a second time. . . . . I trust in God nothing will happen to detain Lord W.; but at present all is uncertain. I think, however, by the Donegal I shall be enabled to say when our return may be possible.

"Pray remember me to every one. I have been, as you will perceive, obliged to write this in a great hurry; and this house is in such confusion, and so entirely without furniture or comfort, that I have been obliged to write on my knee, and in bustle and tumult, just as opportunity has offered within the last day.

"God bless you," &c.

"Seville, August 23.

"I HAVE yet another opportunity to write to you previously to the sailing of the Donegal, which may probably exceed another fortnight. I am still silent on the subject of Lord Wellesley's plans; but my present hope is, that his stay will not extend to any length. I thank God I still continue in good health; and I trust the Almighty will preserve you and my darling child in the same manner. Kiss her, and remind her of me continually, that I may not be forgotten.

"I cannot tell you how I long for a line from England. I forget how many times I have written,—but several times, and by every opportunity. When you write, acknowledge all the letters you receive. My next by the Donegal, please God, will be sent by a most amiable and excellent young nobleman, Lord Jocelyn, son of the Earl of Roden. He has been out three years, and is now on his return. I first met with him at Cadiz; he afterwards re-

turned to Seville, and we were in the same house together. By-the-bye, I forgot to mention that I have not yet slept at Lord Wellesley's, as the upper rooms are so hot; but in a day or two I believe I must do so. I have been at a Mr. Wiseman's, an Irish gentleman, a very kind, good-hearted man. He wishes me to remain with him whilst we stay; but I do not think it right, although I should be very glad to do it.

"The heat, instead of lessening, gets, I think, worse and worse; and no care and attention will prevent the misery of the musquitoes. I am not at liberty to say anything respecting this unhappy country; but the word I use will convey to you the feelings of my mind on the subject. Poor Major Armstrong is very ill, under the influence of fever, arising from extreme fatigue in going to the army, in order to communicate Lord Wellesley's thoughts to Sir Arthur. The English army is at this moment about one hun-

dred and eighty miles from us; the French, about two hundred. The late action of Talavera was most sanguinary. The French lost not fewer than twelve thousand men, and our loss was very considerable.

"I have a very amiable, sensible, gentlemanly man here, Brigadier-general Whittingham, who has a very singular wound. Whilst he was in the act of speaking, a musket-shot entered his mouth without touching either of his lips, and passed out by the ear. The only consequence was the fracture of the lower jaw, and he is getting well. I have been consulted by several persons. The day before yesterday I saw Augustina, the heroine of Saragossa, a young woman of about two-and-twenty, rather pretty, and of a very interesting appearance. She wears on her arm several badges of honour. The courage of this young woman really surpasses all belief.

"I believe since I last wrote to you I have visited the Caridad, which is a cha-

rity for old and infirm men. In the chapel of this building are Murillo's best and most celebrated pictures; but the subjects, and a thousand other things, I must delay telling until we meet happily in England, which God grant may be soon, and in health and peace. Your pictures are a great comfort to me. . . .

"When you see Miss T. will you tell her that I almost despair of being able to effect anything respecting the Carmelite nun? All communication is cut off with Segovia; and, indeed, at this moment any intercourse with the different provinces is almost entirely impracticable. These difficulties have accumulated tenfold within the last three weeks.

"August 27th.—The only thing I could wish you here for, as regards Spain, would be to see the cathedral and pictures, which are indeed well worth the attention. The more I see of the cathedral, the more magnificent it appears; and the pictures of Murillo are indeed a wonderful effort

of genius. Lord Wellesley continues his kindness in a very satisfactory manner; and if I fulfil speedily and safely the duties attached to the mission, it will, I hope, be a very interesting year of my life.

"August 28th.—I hope when I next write, which may perhaps be in a fortnight, I shall be enabled to state some certain account as to the time of our return, which I trust in God may be soon, as I am very anxious that our separation should be at an end. I am looking with earnest and daily hope for a letter from you. It seems an age since we parted; but I trust all will contribute to give us the facility of retiring sooner to some peaceful and happy cottage with our darling little Dora, to live in virtuous retirement.

"The present exercise of my mind is fatiguing, but, I have no doubt, will be useful. I am not at liberty to say one word respecting Spain. Lord Wellesley's orders are so strong and binding, that I

do not write to Sydenham by this packet, because I should only be at liberty to speak of the oppressive heat and unfavourable temperature of this climate, which would be neither new nor interesting. When I return, I shall have a great deal to tell you. What odd coincidences happen! The General Whittingham I mentioned in a former letter is well acquainted with your brother James: they sailed in the same ship to Buenos Ayres. He speaks very highly of him."

CHAPTER VII.

Continuation of the Journal.—Lord Wellesley's kindness.—Manner of spending the day.—Statue of St. Jerome.—The British Army.—Festival of St. Francis.—Extreme Heat.—Cause of the Delay of the Mission.—Misrepresentations of the public Prints.—News from Home.—Approaching Departure from Spain.—Lord Wellesley's kindness.

"Seville, September 2.

"I SUSPECT that this letter will reach you with another packet of older date by way of Lisbon. I have also written by the Porcupine, in which Lord Jocelyn sails. He will convey to you a hurried letter, and tell you personally that I am well.

"It was this day six weeks that I left you: the time seems very long and very distant. I wish I could tell you when I may hope to return; but at this moment it is impossible, and perhaps conjecture would only lead to disappointment. Whe-

ther it be long or whether it be short, (I think it will be the latter,) I hope everything will tend for the best. At any rate, my most ardent endeavours have been exercised to render you and my darling Dora a little more independent; and feeling conscious of this, it takes off the load of anticipated ills.

'He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day.'

"It will give you great satisfaction to hear from me that Lord Wellesley's kindness and confidence increase every day; and I have reason to be much gratified by his attention. I am also well satisfied with my habits of life, which are good and virtuous. I have an opportunity of continuing my French, which I hope and believe will now be attainable. Major Armstrong is recovering from a severe illness.

"I will give you the history of my day. I rise at five, and ride. You will be surprised to hear I am becoming a good horseman. I am almost tempted to bring

a little Spanish pony to England for my dearest Do. At eight I return, the influence of the sun then becoming powerful. I lie down till half-past nine, when I dress, and breakfast at ten. Immediately after this Lord W. always sees me. At twelve I am at leisure to go to my avocations of reading, writing, or digesting thoughts given me by Lord W. At four we dine; two or three glasses of claret with my dinner, one afterwards, and *vin de Grave* and water with my food. At six, coffee. I frequently accompany Lord Wellesley at eight to the cathedral to hear vespers: the music is grand and solaces the heart; the light of the lamps, the stillness of the service, all conspire to influence the mind. There I think of yourself and my darling child, and hope and pray that you may both be preserved to me. I am always in bed by ten: and this is the uniform tenor of my day, with the exception of some attempts to pick up a picture, or any other curiosity.

"General Whittingham* and myself are become great friends. It is on his little horse that I daily ride. This morning we went to the convent of St. Jerome, about four miles from this. It contains one of the finest pieces of sculpture I have ever beheld. It is the statue of St. Jerome kneeling, and holding a crucifix in his hand, in the cell of a hermit. I had no idea of sculpture till I saw this. It is said to be the finest specimen in Spain; but I believe Spain does not abound in this species of art.

"We have had here, within these few days, the Marquis of Tweedale and Colonel Stopford, and before them Lord Burghersh.

"The British army at this moment is one hundred and twenty miles from us, and we hear from it frequently; but beyond this I dare not say one word to you, although Spain at this instant is a very

* This gentleman visited Sir W. Knighton constantly during the period of his last illness.

interesting picture, if all the accounts we receive be true.

"How happy to look forward to meeting and a cottage! I never felt so much desire for domestic retirement.

"Seville, September 9th.

"Your letters by the packet, and by the vessel expressly despatched, came to hand this week; and it was no small delight and happiness to me when I found you and my ever darling Dora were well up to the 14th of August.

"The Donegal still remains, and is a matter of surprise to us all; but on no political subject do I dare to communicate, although I might say much of an interesting nature.

"Yesterday was the festival of St. Francis; it was observed in the different churches with grand magnificence. I think a man who sang in the Franciscan convent was finer in voice than anything I ever heard in all my life.

"September 17th.—Two days since I despatched three packets by a messenger. These different letters had accumulated from the delays and alterations in the intentions of sending to England. The heat of this place continues extreme, nor will it subside for three weeks to come, by which time I hope to have done with it; for I am indeed most anxious to return to you, although I am as comfortable as, being separated from you, I have a right to expect.

"General Whittingham rides with me every morning at five, which contributes to keep up my health. Tell my little Dora I must contrive to bring her a pretty thing, though it is very difficult to tell what, for this place affords nothing but heat and dust. I believe I must get her a gold chain, which may be procured here tolerably cheap with caution; for nothing can equal the knavery and imposition of the tradespeople.

Mr. Frere still continues here, and so

does the Donegal; nor have we any idea when that ship will quit us. It would be very pleasant to keep her for ourselves; which is just possible."

"Seville, October 8th.

"YOUR letter under the dates of the 12th, 19th, and 20th of September, marked No. 10, reached me yesterday by Sylvester, the messenger, who left London on the evening of the 21st. I was sincerely rejoiced to find you were well, and happily returned from your pleasant excursion, which I am very glad you have undertaken, and I very much prefer it to the long journey into Devonshire.

"Our delay is in consequence of the unhappy differences that have arisen in the cabinet at home. We are, of course, apprised of the duel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, as it must have happened the very day the messenger was despatched in the evening.

"Previously to the arrival of our last

despatch, we had received the newspapers, and with them the periodical code of blasphemy and falsehood. It is not easy to convey to you the sensation produced in one's mind on reading the mis-statements, the gross abuse, and direct lies, &c. contained in the public prints on the affairs of Spain. I was at the trouble of looking attentively to the paragraphs and letters said to be received from this country relative to its situation; and I believe, without one exception, from the beginning to the end, they are quite incorrect, and in some instances entirely false. The toast which his Excellency is stated to have given at the public dinner was given by the Pope's nuncio, (a very fine old man,) who was present; and, with this single exception, every other toast was delivered by four gentlemen, who were deputed so to do, as stewards, by the body of merchants who gave this public entertainment. The speech which his Excellency made is mis-stated from the beginning to

the end. It is painful and cruel in the extreme to see the public character of Lord Wellesley and his brother traduced by wretches whose every principle is obnoxious to virtue. The skill and exquisite talent of every kind which Lord Wellington has displayed in the care and conduct of his army, placed as they have been, exceed all praise; and nothing but the basest ingratitude could prevent every British heart from acknowledging it.

"With respect to his Excellency, every day raises his ability and extraordinary talents in my estimation. It is impossible to serve under his direction without loving him.

"The Donegal is still at Cadiz, and I believe it is settled that we shall return in her, which will be pleasant; but whether by way of Cadiz or Lisbon is uncertain. If by the latter, it will be that Lord Wellesley and Lord Wellington may have a meeting; and in that case, we shall pass through the south-west part of Spain, in

order to avoid the French army, and get to the English headquarters. Whether this journey will be undertaken I know not; but I think it will not add to our delay or detention.

"October 27th.—To my great surprise and joy, Mr. Sydenham arrived here late last night, by whom I received your two kind letters, the last dated the 4th of October, and I was truly rejoiced to find by your written, and his oral, testimony that you and my beloved Dora were well: indeed, he tells me that you appear in better health than when I left you, and that little Do. is a sweet child, and growing more like me.

"We are still in the midst of heat, but it is lessening. Yesterday, previously to Mr. Sydenham's arrival, we were all busily employed in packing, and were to have left to-morrow morning. We shall now, probably, be detained two or three days longer; but this, I am certain, may be reckoned on as the utmost; and after

which, if it pleases God, a fortnight will take us in safety to the shores of Old England.

"What adds very much to our comfort is, that we return in the Donegal, where we shall enjoy all that a ship can ever have; and above all, Sydenham will be a valuable acquisition.

"Nothing can exceed Lord Wellesley's kindness; and Sydenham says he expressed his entire approbation of me with warmth and affection. I have had an arduous, anxious, and delicate situation; but I hope I have well fulfilled the different things entrusted to me.

"Tell my little Dora that she shall have a gold chain and a pretty canary bird. Wherever I land, which I dare say will be Falmouth, I shall proceed directly with all expedition to London, without stopping a moment anywhere.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Knighton's return from Spain.—Created a Baronet, and appointed Physician to the Prince Regent.—Appointed Auditor to the Duchy of Cornwall.—Letters of George the Fourth relative to his Journey to Ireland.

In October 1809, the Marquis Wellesley returned from his embassy to Spain. Dr. Knighton now resumed his professional duties, and soon repaired the inconvenience occasioned by his temporary absence, which had fortunately proved of shorter duration than had been anticipated. His medical practice was soon satisfactorily established. Dr. Knighton was introduced and recommended by his noble patron to the Prince of Wales, was eventually appointed one of his Royal Highness's physicians, and in 1812 made a

baronet. At this period he had attained extensive employment, and was in the receipt of a considerable income.

In the year 1817 the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte took place. No event ever occasioned more general sympathy. The extract which follows, from a letter of Mr. Southey, well expresses the feeling then existing.

"The death of the Princess Charlotte has been felt in a manner very honourable to the national character. Individuals, as far as my observation goes, feel concerning it as they would upon a similar case occurring in private life, and within the circle of their own acquaintance.

"The manner in which I have heard Prince Leopold spoken of on the occasion impressed me a good deal: he was called "poor *man*" and "poor *fellow*." His affliction has brought him down to our level, and rank was forgotten in the sympathy of humanity.

"I do not like to write anything upon the mournful occasion in the commonplace form of threnodial verses, which would be read only to be criticised and forgotten, and, under the appearance of respect, are in reality the most disrespectful of all things. But I would fain so treat the subject as to combine with it something which might aim at present utility, and possess some permanent value, as far as I am capable of giving it. I hope I see the way of doing this; but I compose slowly, and not without some previous meditation.

"Many causes have led me to look far forward and widely around me; and if I could teach others to see things as they appear distinctly to myself, it would be doing the State some service. Great changes in the very constitution of society are going on — almost as great as the human system undergoes when all its physical powers are developed, and the time is as critical. In proportion as this is properly

understood, government will be strengthened or endangered—perhaps overthrown; and in that word "government" the best interests of the human race are at this time included. If I can assist in strengthening it, I shall not be an unprofitable servant; and I am a very disinterested one, for I look for no reward."

In 1818 the Prince Regent appointed Sir William to the auditorship of the Duchy of Cornwall. On this occasion he received the following letter from the Marquis Wellesley.

"Richmond, January 7, 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I SINCERELY congratulate you on the mark of gracious justice which the Prince Regent has conferred upon you. This act is certainly the offspring of his own mind, untainted by malignant or interested advice; and is of that spirit of generosity and goodness which blesses him that gives

and him that takes. You may be assured that I always feel warmly interested in your prosperity and honour, and that my happiness in the progress of both will ever be augmented in proportion as your advancement shall tend to increase the lustre of the Prince Regent's personal character.

"Believe me, dear Sir William, with the most sincere sentiments of friendship,

"Yours affectionately and faithfully,

"WELLESLEY."

It was thought on this occasion that Sir William would relinquish the practice of his profession, but a part of it only was given up. It is satisfactory to his family to find amongst his papers testimonies like the following, from the then member for Somersetshire, expressive of the estimation in which he stood in his medical life.

"I NEVER had the least notion that you were about to relinquish your profes-

sion on account of the auditorship. You have given yourself what no man in England could give you, a station at the head of a learned profession, with the suitable emoluments; and had you changed this for a mere place about court, I should have thought you cracked. I am glad, however, to see that the Regent can give situations to the preservers of mankind as well as to the destroyers, for the military carry away most of the good things now; but I hope this may be the means of elevating the character of your useful profession through you, and opening new honours.

"I am, &c.

"W. D."

It required great consideration to abandon a position in which Sir William was so rapidly acquiring an independence for his family; and it is difficult for any other than the party interested to judge of the expediency of such a step. The

continued fatigue and anxiety, night and day, and year after year, — the complete interruption of domestic comfort, and the gratification (so natural to the human heart) arising from the unbounded favour, kindness, and liberality of his sovereign,—overcame all scruples, and in 1822 Sir William became the devoted servant of his Majesty. It may be seen from the annexed letter, written in 1820, that George IV. even at that period derived great comfort in having recourse to his judgment when under any difficulty or embarrassment.

FROM THE KING.

"MY DEAR KNIGHTON,

"LET me entreat of you, if you possibly can, to call upon me to-morrow morning, if your health will in any way admit of it, *at latest by eleven o'clock.* I am so over-

burthened, that I must *absolutely* see you.

"Always most affectionately yours,

"G. R."

"C. H.

"Friday night, or rather Saturday morning,
"May 12-13, 1820.

"P.S. — B—— tells me that he has obeyed my orders in writing to you to the same effect; but I cannot, notwithstanding, resist writing this short line myself."

Sir William's secession from his medical avocations had been gradual, in consequence of his frequent absence from town with the Regent. It was naturally a matter of concern to many by whom he had been considered as a friend, as well as a professional attendant; but he left a most able successor in his friend Dr. Gooch.

There is nothing remarkable to mention until the year 1821, and only a few letters have been preserved, which show the strong parental feeling of love for his

children, which ceased only with his existence. The following is to his daughter.

"New-Year's Day.

"I WISH you many happy returns of this day. I have sent you a little Testament to commemorate my approbation of your conduct during the last year; and I hope and believe, my beloved child, that you will not fail to give me the same consolation every succeeding year whilst I live. I wish you to read a chapter in this little book every day of your life before breakfast, and by degrees to get all the leading points by heart. As it is a book derived from God, so it is the *only thing* to be relied upon, and to give you happiness in pain, sickness, or sorrow.

"God bless you, my beloved Dora!

"Believe me ever your attached and affectionate papa,

"W. K."

During the dangerous illness under

which the Prince Regent was suffering at the time of the death of his father George the Third, the watchful attention of Sir William was justly appreciated by his royal master, and it tended to lessen the anxiety of his medical friends during the intervals in which they were necessarily obliged to be absent from their patient. Sir William was in attendance in the night when the intelligence from Windsor was brought of the termination of the King's life. The fatal tidings were received by the Prince with a burst of grief that was very affecting.

It was generally known that, from various causes, the pecuniary affairs of George the Fourth were previously to his accession in an embarrassed state; and, of course, continual circumstances occurred in which such a mind as Sir William's (which was always remarkable for firmness and judgment) could not fail to be acceptable, and, as it appeared, necessary to his royal master. Any unusual absence,

in consequence of illness or other accidental causes, seldom failed to bring a command for his presence, such as is anxiously expressed in the subjoined letter. It respects the death of the infant Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"FOR God's sake come down to me tomorrow morning. The melancholy tidings of the almost sudden death of my poor little niece have just reached me, and have overset me beyond all I can express to you. Poor William's letter, which is all affection, and especially towards you, refers me to you for all the particulars; therefore pray come to me with as little delay as possible. I have not time to add a word more about myself. You will be a great consolation to me.

"Ever your most affectionate friend,

"G. R."

"Brighton, March 4th, 1821."

About this time Sir William received the following characteristic letter from Mr. Southey, which will be read with pleasure by those who take an interest in literary questions.

"Keswick, 30th March, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I AM greatly obliged to you for presenting my "Vision of Judgment" to the King, and for communicating to me the very gratifying manner in which his Majesty has been pleased to mention it. In writing upon public occasions, it has been, and will be, my earnest desire to produce something which may inculcate and enforce right opinions, with the hope that it may prove of some immediate utility, and be not unworthy of being read hereafter. His Majesty's approbation is the best proof which could be obtained that this desire will not be disappointed.

"The opinions which have as yet reached me concerning the metre of the poem

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are exactly what private trials had taught me to expect. Women are at first perplexed at the appearance of the verse; but upon reading it aloud, they presently perceive the rhythm, and then they like it. My friend Charles Wynn, avowing that his prejudice against it is inveterate, acknowledges that he dislikes it less than he expected. Young poets admire it with enthusiasm, and endeavour to persuade me that it is a finer measure than blank verse. Their elders, whom I call my peers, appreciate fairly its merits and defects; and, giving a decided verdict in its favour, pronounce it a legitimate and powerful metre, and think that our literature is enriched by its introduction.

"Twenty years ago I planned a poem upon the Deluge, with the intention of writing it in this measure, meaning to show in what manner the wickedness of mankind was produced in the Old World by the two opposite extremes of political evil,—such a tyranny on the one hand as

Bonaparte afterwards went far towards establishing, and such a spirit of Jacobinism on the other as is at this day at work here at home, as well as over the whole Continent. The design has long been laid aside; but the course of events has tended to show that it was not ill conceived in this respect.

"Believe me, my dear sir,
"With many thanks,
"Yours faithfully,
"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

"To Sir Wm. Knighton,
&c."

The following letters from George the Fourth, relative to his Majesty's visit to Ireland, will also probably be read with interest; and, as they express his Majesty's feelings towards the subject of this memoir, they may not be considered irrelevant.

"Off Holyhead, August 10th, 1821.

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"As I know you like brevity in writing, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, and shall try to convey to you all the matter possible in the smallest compass.

"I must first thank you for your kind letters, the last of which I have now just received. You need not be under any apprehension that every regard to decorum and decency will not be strictly observed.

"I have now been at anchor in this harbour ever since Monday night at half-past eleven, when we received the first intimation of the Queen's indisposition.

"On Tuesday at noon, as I had heard nothing from my friend Lord Sidmouth, who had passed over to the other coast some hours before, we took up our anchorage here. We had reason to know he had heard the report before he left Holyhead; and it was determined, as the best medium-line that could be adopted until I could

hear from him, that I should proceed for twelve hours to Lord Anglesea's.

"Accordingly I wrote to Lord Sidmouth and Bloomfield, to acquaint them with the communication I had received respecting the Queen, to account for the delay in my not proceeding to Ireland, and desiring Lord Sidmouth's advice as to what I had best do, and that he would make all the arrangements which might be necessary under existing circumstances.

"I returned from Plasnewydd to my yacht here about four o'clock on the next day (Wednesday), and found Lord Sidmouth just disembarked and ready to receive me. He stayed about two hours with me on board, and then again took his passage in the steam-boat, having arranged with me, that if the accounts from London of the Queen the next day should represent her to be in an improved state, that then we should set sail as quickly as possible, and land at Dunleary, and make my public entrée at Dublin on that day (Fri-

day); although he had already taken measures for a private entry if matters should be worse, as it was utterly impossible for me under any circumstances not to proceed now to Ireland, where public notice would be given that I should observe the strictest privacy for some days, until we were acquainted either with the Queen's recovery or her demise, and till after the body should be interred.

"Lord Londonderry fortunately arrived the next morning after Lord Sidmouth left me,—that is to say, yesterday, Thursday, before seven o'clock in the morning,—and has remained with me, and will continue to do so till I have set my foot on the Irish shore. He approved of all the arrangements I had made with Lord Sidmouth as the best possible, and with every view I had taken of the whole circumstance; and it is now determined that either in the course of the day, or as soon as possible as the wind and weather will permit, (but which at present does not ap-

pear very encouraging,) we are to set sail, either in the yacht alone or by steam, to Ireland; to make Howth (about five miles from Dublin), and to proceed without any sort of show or display to the Phœnix Park, without entering or passing through Dublin at all. My arrival there will then be publicly announced, and that the strictest privacy for a few days will be observed, as far as proper decency and decorum may require; and that after that, the day will be announced when I shall make my public entrée, and when all public ceremonies and rejoicings will commence.

"Continue, I conjure you, from time to time, and constantly if you can, to let me hear from you, be it only that 'all is well;' for even this is a security and comfort to me that you cannot imagine: it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and how miserable I always feel when I have you not immediately at my elbow. You may, then, judge what I do now at this moment feel, and what I

have gone through without you near me, during all these recent perplexities and difficulties. You are too well acquainted with the warmth of my feelings towards you to render it necessary for me to add a syllable more upon that head, dear and best of friends, except that I am always

"Most affectionately yours,

"G. R."

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"I AM sure that you will be quite surprised, after the long letter which I hope you received safe from me by this evening's post, dated from hence the day before yesterday, at receiving another from me, and also from the same place, but which, I hope, will be the last; for I have now determined, by whatever inconvenience it may be attended, upon proceeding directly by land for London, and we finally start at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and hope to be with you before four o'clock on Saturday at Carlton House.

"There is no time for a florid description. We sailed again yesterday morning between four and five o'clock, with a most promising breeze in our favour, to make the Land's End. About two or three in the evening the wind shifted immediately in our teeth; a violent hurricane and tempest suddenly arose; the most dreadful possible of nights and of scenes ensued, the sea breaking everywhere over the ship. We lost the tiller, and the vessel was for some minutes down on her beam-ends; and nothing, I believe, but the undaunted presence of mind, perseverance, experience, and courage of Paget preserved us from a watery grave. The oldest and most experienced of our sailors were petrified and paralysed: you may judge somewhat, then, of what was the state of most of the passengers; every one almost flew up in their shirts upon deck in terrors that are not to be described.

"Most affectionately yours,

"G. R."

"Royal George Yacht,
"Milford Haven, September 10, 1821.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"So many unexpected circumstances have taken place since I wrote to you, that I scarce know where I am to take up matters to put you *au fait* of everything in all quarters. It is rather a difficult task to undertake, particularly as I know you are not partial to long letters. I will, however, endeavour to do my best, and be as concise as possible.

"My last letter told you I was to embark (as I did) that day at Dunleary. We made since that two efforts to stand out on our homeward voyage, but were driven back by change of wind. However, on Friday last we stood out suddenly upon a change of wind in our favour, and persevered; but we encountered a most formidable tempest for nearly forty-eight hours, such as has been hardly known by the most veteran sailor, and, with the blessing

of God, arrived safe in this port about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of yesterday. Not to be prolix, but in order to give you some little idea of our state, most of our fleet were separated, except the Royal Sovereign yacht, the Liffey frigate, and ourselves. The Grecian sloop of war, reckoned one of the best schooners in the service, sprung her mast, and was obliged entirely to part company from us in distress, and to make for the very first anchorage she could, where it is hoped she is long before this in safety, though as yet no intelligence of her has been received.

"Most even of our crew and company were deadly sick, but the very worst of all was my poor self; and I am now for the first time, since we are again at anchor in smooth water, risen from my bed, and not without considerable exertion and inconvenience to myself. I have suffered so much solely for the purpose of writing to you; for I too gratefully feel the warmth of your affectionate heart towards me at

all times, not only not to neglect you, but to prove to you that you are always present to my mind; and I felt quite sure, that if any part of our history of the last week should reach you, that the short note which F—— wrote you yesterday would not in the least answer the purpose of quieting your affectionate anxieties and cares about me. When F—— wrote, it was in the utmost haste, to save the post, which leaves here before three in the afternoon, that you might know something decidedly of us, and we had then thoughts of pursuing our return overland, as he acquainted you; but, upon thorough consideration, we found this scheme next to impracticable, what from the very mountainous and bad state of the roads through this part of South Wales, the scarcity of horses, the dreadful length of the stages, and, after all, the formidable length of the journey itself to London, being above two hundred and seventy-two miles, and this, too, unattended with any sort of comfort

or accommodation on the road, at any rate until we reached Gloucester. Upon the best calculation, therefore, we could not have reached our destination at earliest till Thursday night. We have therefore determined, all matters considered, to summon up resignation and patience to our aid, to wait the first steady and favourable wind, and which is now very promising, that will carry us round the Land's End in about eight hours; after which we shall make Portsmouth at the very latest twelve hours afterwards, let the wind be then almost whatever it may.

"In addition to this, I must also say that it was quite out of the question my being able, for two or three days at least, to encounter so tedious a journey by land; I am so completely shattered and torn to pieces by the effects and sickness of an eight-and-forty hours' tempest. Up to this moment, then, you are acquainted with everything upon which it is in my power to give you any information by letter.

The veriest minutiæ of the details of what has passed since we met, you shall have from me when we meet.

"Now, then, God bless you!

"Ever yours, &c.

"G. R."

CHAPTER IX.

Sir William Knighton's Account of the King's Journey to Hanover.—Brussels.—Namur.—The King's reception at Dusseldorf.—Osnabruck.—Hanover.—The King's public entry into the City.—Bulletin of his Health.—Return.—Göttingen.—Cologne.

No further account than that given in the foregoing chapter has been found of the King's visit to and return from Ireland, nor is there any journal of his Majesty's journey to Hanover; but as he was accompanied on this occasion by Sir William Knighton, his letters to his family will in some measure supply the deficiency.

"September 25th, 1821. Calais.

"HERE we are safe at Calais, thank God, all well,—a rough passage towards the

close. Our reception at the embarkation this morning at Ramsgate was magnificent, and the same at this place. I am working hard, — much writing and little rest. But nothing can equal the affection and the kindness of the King towards me. You know what I determine to do, I do well: this, I hope, will be the case in this instance.

"The King has been at the theatre to-night. The music was very agreeable, and I was much amused and gratified. I believe you would hardly know me in my new costume; the whole of it is so comical, that I can scarcely believe my own history. It is more like a romance than anything else.

"To-morrow night we propose to sleep at Lisle, and the next to reach Brussels, from which place I hope to write to you again. You must not expect long letters; but when I return, I hope to have the happiness of telling you everything. The dear King leaves me not a moment. You can-

not understand it, unless you were present.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K.

"Dessin's, Calais,
"Tuesday after midnight."

"Wednesday morning, six o'clock.

"I have just been with the King, and am putting everything in motion for our departure; which is no joke. Adieu."

"Brussels, Friday, September 28th, 1821.

"We reached this place in safety at half-past six last night. The Duke of Wellington, Lords Londonderry and Clancarty, were in waiting to receive us. In about half an hour after our arrival, the King of the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange, and Prince Frederick paid their respects to his Majesty. We were all introduced. We then sat down to dinner, amounting to twenty-eight persons. I had one of my bad headaches; but I am now

quite well. The truth is, I have so much to do, I am almost worked to death. Sir B. precedes us.

"My king, God bless him! never gives me a moment. The pen is never out of my hand by day, and it is his wish that I sleep in his dressing-room at night; so that he has access to me at all hours. You will not, therefore, be surprised that you do not get long letters from me. It will be impossible for me to give you any details of my journey until I return, when I hope to tell you everything. It is, I confess, very interesting.

"Saturday night.—The messenger sets off early to-morrow morning. Yesterday was a very fatiguing day. We were at court, and dined with the king and queen and all the royal family. It was very amusing: sixty persons of the first distinction were invited to meet us. After dinner we went to the private theatre of the palace of Lacken. This edifice is most splendid: it is four miles from Brus-

sels. The opera was very amusing, and the music delightful. I enclose you the play-bill as a curiosity.

"Brussels is a beautiful town, and so is Lisle. At this latter place seven thousand troops lined the streets. I went into the town with his Majesty in an open carriage. We leave this early to-morrow morning for the field of Waterloo, and then proceed on our journey. Previously to our setting off, we shall have divine service in the throne-room of the palace we occupy, at eight in the morning. You see I am attentive to everything. We shall sleep at Namur to-morrow night, on Monday night at Aix-la-Chapelle, and on Tuesday night at Dusseldorf: four days after that, we hope to reach Hanover.

"You will scarcely believe that, although I have been here two days, I have never been able to stir outside the doors, except yesterday, to go and dine at court. This is unavoidable, there is so much to do. Kiss my beloved darlings again and

again. The bundle at Blendworth Cottage, amidst all my grandeur, are my only comforts.

"God bless you.

"W. K."

"Namur, Monday, October 1st,
"Eleven at night.

"FIRST, let me thank you for your dear letter, which reached me on my way hither. This has been a busy and an interesting day. Early this morning we quitted Brussels for this place. We reached the little village of Waterloo about twelve o'clock, accompanied by Prince Frederick of Holland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Clancarty, and a number of persons of minor distinction. The King went into the little church of the village, examined all the tablets of inscription upon the walls, then visited the willow tree under which was buried the shattered limb of Lord Anglesea, and seemed greatly impressed with all around him. The day

was very unfavourable—it rained torrents; but, notwithstanding this, the King went to the plain of Waterloo, accompanied by the Duke, and examined every part of the various positions occupied by the army in that dreadful battle.

"When I saw the verdure of this plain in full and luxuriant vegetation, I could not help dwelling on many of the extraordinary thoughts which Lord Byron has advanced in his poem, when speaking of this tremendous engagement. The blades of grass on which we tread might be a part of some warrior's frame who had died on this plain,—some friend, perhaps, whom we had known and admired.

"Tell dearest W. I bought some relics for him, and was on the spot where Buonaparte stood the greatest part of the day. About one o'clock we left the field; and at Sambrief the Duke and all the other grandees took leave of the King, and we proceeded on our journey.

"We reached this place about six. I

stole away to the cathedral whilst his Majesty retired to adjust himself; for the carriages had not come up. It was almost dark; a few glimmering lamps served me to observe its beauties. Some dozen females in various corners were at their devotions, and the stillness of the place had on my mind a most inspiring effect. I thought of you and my little darlings; and although separated by so great a distance, my feelings carried me swiftly back to the dear cottage at Blendworth. I have much to do, much to contend with; but I hope to do it well.

"We left Namur for Aix-la-Chapelle on Tuesday the 2nd. I should mention that nothing can exceed the beauty of the road and scenery from Namur to Liege. We accompany the Meuse for forty miles, and on each side are woods and hanging rocks. I should like to pass my days amidst this scenery. We reached Aix-la-Chapelle about six. Early in the morning I visited the baths, the hall where the congress was

held, and the cathedral, in which I saw the tomb of Charlemagne. The reliques are curious, inasmuch as they have remained in the same place for a thousand years."

"Dusseldorf, Wednesday, October 3rd.

"To-DAY we reached this place, all well. The roads we passed have been tremendous. At Dusseldorf you cross the Rhine, and this is done by means of a flying bridge. It is in fact a bridge thrown over two boats, and a line of boats sway it from one side of the bank to the other. The carriage and horses drive up at once, and everything remains passive. It amused us all very much.

"Thursday, 4th.—To-day we halted for a day's rest. We are now in the Prussian dominions. The king reviewed the troops this morning. To-morrow we continue our journey over what they call the Desert, which seems to be a trackless space of sand. This operation will take us

twelve hours. On Monday we hope to reach Hanover.

"About seven last evening, the whole garrison marched out by torch-light to serenade the King on his arrival. The effect was beautiful: I never heard such bands. The style in which they played 'God save the King' was enough to electrify one.

"I get but little sleep. I am, however, thanks be to the Almighty, quite well. You may judge what I have to do. Sir B. is at Hanover, or nearly so, by this time. Our suite consists of nearly forty horses, besides the escort; and all this moves without the slightest confusion. I have now two large Prussian grenadiers at my bed-room door. It would make you laugh.

"I despatch this at four in the morning, at which time we start. God grant this may find you all well.

"Heaven bless you!

"W. K."

"Palace of Osnabruck,
"Saturday, Oct. 6, twelve at night.

"We met at Munster a courier on his way to England with despatches from St. Petersburgh. The King ordered him to follow us hither, and to-morrow I shall despatch him for England.

"We are now in the King's own dominions. The country through which we have passed this day has been beautiful in the extreme; but the roads are so bad, that nothing can equal the fatigue of travelling. We are obliged to change our horses every five miles, notwithstanding we have eight horses attached to each carriage.

"The Hanoverians are a happy, delightful people. Through every village we passed to-day, the most beautiful triumphal arches, composed of evergreens and flowers were erected to do honour to their King, some happy device affixed to the centre. The arch seems to be a sacred emblem with the Hanoverians,

for we generally found the pastor in his robes standing, and the whole parish on either side, the women carrying their Bibles under their arms. This in the country was always the case; on the approach to populous towns, less so. These people have a simplicity in all they do which delights one.

"I travel always with the King. We are lodged in a palace belonging to his Majesty: it is magnificent, but old. Tell dearest D. the room in which I am now writing is such as are found in ancient tales of romance, where you might expect a ghost to start up every moment. George the First died here.

"It is a beautiful night, and the moon shines on the Westphalian mountains, at the foot of which is the palace where George the First was born: this we passed to-day. Eight thousand people with torches came into the yard of the palace to-night to serenade the King. The ef-

fect was striking and beautiful. They sang a national hymn: it brought tears from my eyes, it was so affecting. We are made very much of. I am improving in my French fast, as I hear nothing else spoken.

"To-morrow we have ninety miles to travel, over very bad roads; and the day following completes, I trust in God, our journey. The city has been most beautifully illuminated to-night: the people seem almost mad with joy. It is no wonder: sixty-three years have elapsed since they have seen their King. I saw many an old person weep as we passed.

"There is a great simplicity in the character of this nation. Crime is very little known among them; and when it does exist, is marked by no particular severity of punishment, which is always almost limited to the hard labour of the fortress or the public roads. When his present Majesty ascended the throne, he found

that the instrument of torture formed a part of the law of this country: it was almost his first act to abolish it."

"Palace at Hanover,
"Tuesday, October 8th, 1821.

"We arrived here yesterday about five o'clock, and are lodged in one of the most magnificent palaces you ever beheld. It is beautifully fitted up; and the garden-walks and water-spouts make it look like enchantment. This Hanover has been much underrated by the English; and the King here lives really like a king. The palace is full of servants; and the whole thing is in a state of grandeur that I never before witnessed. I shall, however, *entre nous*, be most heartily glad when our stay is over; and I really hope it will not be protracted beyond a fortnight from this time.

"I found, on my arrival here, your two letters dated the 28th and 29th. I never felt anything like the happiness of hearing

from you and my dear children. God be thanked that you are all well! Tell my darlings that I shall write to them by the next messenger. At present there is not time, for Lord Londonderry is impatient to send off the messenger.

"The palace of Osnabruck was so quiet and retired, and the people of the place so attentive and affectionate to the dear King, that we left it with reluctance.

"I must tell you an anecdote which will interest you. Early in the morning, a poor woman, with a countenance apparently much worn with sorrow, on her knees presented a petition to the King's Hanoverian chamberlain, which was rejected. I saw this from the saloon, from which I was looking down on the many thousand persons assembled in the court-yard, and I observed the expression of despair which followed. I hastened down, fearing to lose sight of her, got her petition, and presented it to the King.

"It craved his mercy for her husband,

who was doomed to five years' hard labour in a fortress. She was the mother of eight little children, and, it need not be added, in great poverty and want. The crime was of a nature to be pardoned, and this was done by the King with his pen instantly; for here his authority is absolute. We had the poor woman in the saloon,—and you may imagine the rest.

"Nothing can equal the sincere feeling displayed by this happy people: it is, I must confess, a great contrast, compared to England. We passed through a line yesterday of ten thousand troops. It was a fine sight; and the whole population came out to greet their King. So long a period having elapsed since the Hanoverians have seen their King, you may judge of the effect this visit has on them. The thing that has most forcibly struck me is their extreme simplicity. The whole streets through which we passed when we quitted Osnabruck yesterday, were strewed with flowers and evergreens; and every

village had triumphal arches erected, with appropriate inscriptions, all bearing evident marks of real religion. This is the basis of everything, and, of course, of their happiness.

"The weather has been remarkably favourable during the whole journey; but we must not expect it long to continue so. The palace in which we reside is a mile from Hanover. I have not as yet been able to go into the town; but I hope to do so to-morrow. I have been so occupied this morning, that I have not once quitted the house. Take care of your health and that of the dear children, &c.

"W. K."

"October 12th.

"I HAVE rather unexpectedly the happiness of writing you a few hurried lines today by a messenger, who is just arrived from Vienna, and is to proceed directly to England. I still continue, thanks be to God, quite well. The King still holds his

determination to leave this on Monday week. I shall continue to write to you by every opportunity, until I have again the happiness of seeing you.

"The weather is beginning to get cold, and in another fortnight the winter in this part of the world will commence in earnest. I have just given orders for a great-coat, which the King has directed the whole of his suite to wear.

"Yesterday was our first levee; and last night, which is the custom in this country, the drawing-room. It was over by eleven. The ladies were very elegantly dressed, and many of them remarkably handsome. The Duchess of Cambridge is a very fine woman.

"The day before yesterday, the King made his grand entry into Hanover on horseback. The sight was magnificent, the feelings of the people perfect. The illuminations at night were splendid, and in good taste.

"I am just called to the King. I shall

try and fill this sheet. If not, ten thousand kisses to my beloved children.

"Five o'clock.—We expect the Princess Elizabeth of England every minute. I have had so much to do, that I am fairly tired before the night begins; and the fuss of full-dress is tremendous. I seem to be doomed never to have a moment to myself. In two or three days we shall start a messenger of our own, when I hope I shall have the comfort of writing quietly. Tell my beloved Dora that I have got a list of German books, which I mean to buy at Frankfort, by which place we shall return. We are to go by a different route back. This is necessary, for the other line of march would be impracticable.

"Friday, nine o'clock, 12th October.—The messenger has been delayed beyond the hour intended for his despatch, and I steal away from a crowded drawing-room to give you the last moment, because I know it will afford you pleasure.

"The hour of dining in this country

is five o'clock, and therefore one has the opportunity of getting up at a more convenient time. The Princess Elizabeth arrived just at the hour of dinner; and to-night there is to be a military serenade. The meaning of this is, that the whole garrison march out by torch-light with their band, and play the most appropriate and delightful music. I suppose in half an hour there will be before the palace ten thousand torches: I cannot describe to you the effect—the appearance is quite extraordinary.

"This palace is beautiful. The room in which I sleep is more magnificently and richly furnished than anything you can fancy. It looks out on the gardens; and these are laid out in the old style, such as you may read of in fairy tales. There are six fountains constantly playing, one as high as a hundred and twenty feet. In truth, it is a complete specimen of hydraulics.

"I am endeavouring to get some music

for my dear D.; but it is very difficult. Tell dear W. that I at present intend to bring him a gun; but whether I shall be able to fulfil my intention I know not.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

"Palace at Herenhausen,
"October 14th, 1821.

"HERE I am, full of anxiety and wretchedness. The King has got a most severe and uncomfortable fit of the gout. This attack commenced two days since. I still entertain hopes that I shall be so far able to get it under, that we may begin our journey on Thursday week. This will be two days later than I expected; but still I hope to save this by the route we intend to take. I have had an anxious time of it, I can assure you; but I do not regret it.

"Your letter, which was brought me at midnight by the messenger, was very acceptable. I continue very well in the

midst of all my fatigue, and find my common sense very useful to me. Tell my three darlings I have not time to write to them, but I never forget them a moment. This illness has, of course, given me enough to do. I have written the following bulletin for the Lords Justices in England this morning.

"'BULLETIN.

"'The King, some days since, in getting on horseback, slightly sprained his knee. The part has now become affected with a severe fit of the gout.

"'Under these circumstances, his Majesty will be deprived of any further bodily exertion during his stay in Hanover; but it is at present my confident hope and expectation that his Majesty will be enabled to undertake his journey to England at the time proposed.

"'W. KNIGHTON.'"

"'Palace at Herenhausen,
"'October 17th, 1821.'"

"Sunday, 21st October.

"I WRITE you one line to say that the dearest King is much better. We leave this on Thursday morning, I trust in God, to begin our journey to England. What time it may take us is uncertain; but I shall have an opportunity of writing to you occasionally, as couriers will be constantly despatched.

"Remain quietly at the cottage: I shall see you as soon as possible after my arrival. The King has this day conferred on me the second order of the Guelph. How comical it all is! I cannot help smiling. I wish my poor dear mother was alive. Alas! we cannot have everything.

"This Hanover is a very delightful place. I have lived in such a confusion of exertion, that my head is almost every now and then ready to crack.

"God bless you, dearest! I never cease thinking of you and my darling dears.

"Ever, &c.

"W. K."

"Palace of Herenhausen,
"Wednesday, October 24th, 1821.

"Our journey has been unavoidably postponed, and we do not now enter upon it until Monday next, the 29th instant. This delay of a few days, although tormenting, one must not mind. I send you a card of our progress homewards, which will enable you in imagination to keep pace with our movements.

"As the beloved King is now recovering his strength so fast, we shall be enabled by these few days' delay to lessen one day on the card; so we shall sleep at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the next night at Bruxelles.

"Tell my beloved Do. and William, that although I have not had time to write to them, they will find I have not forgotten either of them. Kiss my darling little twaddle, Mary Frances, and tell her she is not forgotten either.

"The weather with us continues fine. This palace for a summer residence is quite enchanting. The fountains, the old-

fashioned gardens, and the whole together, put you in mind of stories of olden time. —By the way, I hope to get some valuable flower-seeds for you.

"I thank God, the dear King's recovery has been progressive and satisfactory. Nothing could have answered better.

"Believe me, &c.

"W. K."

"Wetzlar, Thursday, November 1st.

"THUS far are we arrived in safety on our journey homewards. The dear King bears his fatigue well, and we are all in very good plight. I cannot describe to you the enthusiasm and the attention at every step we move: in fact, the whole of Germany feel that he has been the power, under Providence, that has relieved them from the oppression of their late rulers, the French.

"A tournament was prepared for us at Göttingen: it was beautiful. Prince (something) led: I never saw anything

more perfect than the management of the horses in the dance.

"We did not leave Hanover until twelve: all classes seemed very sorry at our departure. From thence to Rothenkirchen the country is beautiful. Every town and village was crowded. The sacred emblem of the arch, with flowers and branches of trees, with happy devices, prevailed everywhere; the peasantry all well dressed.

"As we approached this place, Rothenkirchen, the fog in the valley bore the most remarkable appearance: we all at first thought it was water. Four miles we proceeded by torch-light. Here the Duke and Duchess of C., Duke of C., Prince Frederick of Hesse, the Landgrave and Landgravine, Lords Londonderry and Clanwilliam, a few others, and ourselves, making twenty two, dined together.

"The scene after dinner was remarkable. Some hundreds of miners from the mountains came to serenade their king.

They are a particular race, of Saxon origin, and for centuries they have preserved their customs, language, and manners. Their countenance is interesting. I saw five or six in a room. They have a resigned, silent melancholy, arising, I believe, from their being so much under ground. They are very religious. They sang, with a band of music, two of the most beautiful hymns I ever heard. These miners had walked thirty miles for the purpose of paying their devotion to their sovereign.

"We reached Göttingen at twelve. After the tournament and the breakfast we proceeded to the University: then came the address; and the whole affair was done so impressively, that the King burst into tears, and the feeling of sympathy was very general. The University conferred on me the degree of doctor of medicine. The Duke of Cambridge led me up with great kindness; and it was presented to me by Professor Blumenbach, a person very celebrated, and whose name I remember

to have heard thirty years ago. He is a man of singular appearance. The enthusiasm of this Göttingen was very delightful. Here we took leave of the Duchess of Cambridge.

"Minden.

"We arrived at this place about five o'clock. Of all the beautiful scenery I have ever seen, this is the most strikingly so. The river passes at the foot of the mountains, with which the whole town is surrounded. We were received by the entire population, and the hymn which I enclose was sung in the most enchanting manner.

"Cologne.

"Here we are so far safe and well, thanks be to God! Our journey hitherto has been very prosperous; the weather continues remarkably fine. Before we left the north of Germany it was very cold; but as we entered the Prussian territories

it became delightful. Our journey to-day along the Rhine from Coblentz to this place has been beautiful. To-morrow we hope to reach Liege; but we must be up with the lark, and at the time I am writing it is twelve o'clock.

"W. K."

CHAPTER X.

Sir William appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse.—His Letter to the King, and His Majesty's Answer.—The King's Journey to Scotland.—His Reception.—Sir Walter Scott.—Letters from two Pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.—The King's authority to Sir William to regulate the Privy Purse expenses.

His Majesty's return to England was satisfactorily accomplished, without further inconvenience to his health. In 1822, Sir William was appointed the keeper of the King's privy purse. It may not be an inappropriate observation to make at this period, that the position and independence from which he was called tended essentially to enable Sir William to perform the arduous duties of the situation with the unshrinking firmness which its embarrassments required; and amongst the

copies of his letters to the King, the following is a specimen of this respectful determination.

"SIR,

"I YESTERDAY received from Lord F. C. a message that it was your Majesty's desire to see me at the Lodge this morning.

"My first duty and impression was, of course, to obey your Majesty's most gracious commands; but circumstances have arisen, connected with your Majesty's interests, which oblige me to remain in town, and to forego that pleasure which is always so acceptable to my feelings, namely, that of throwing myself at your Majesty's feet.

"I am so surrounded with cares on your Majesty's account, so separated from every kind of support but what I derive from my own intellectual efforts, that when I say happiness and myself are strangers, I do not mention it in the language of complaint, but only to hope that

when I venture to oppose any of your Majesty's commands, your Majesty will believe it always arises from those feelings of devotion and honesty which are the true characteristics of my nature towards your Majesty.

"I am aware it often happens, humble as I am, that it alone falls on me to raise the voice of opposition towards some of your Majesty's schemes. This, I fear, must gradually tend to separate your Majesty's mind, as far as agreeableness of feeling is concerned, from me: nevertheless, I do hope that your Majesty will believe I am on every occasion influenced with the purest affection and most unsullied attachment towards your Majesty's person.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your Majesty's most dutiful subject

"and attached servant,

"W. K.

"10th June, 1822."

It is probable that his Majesty might occasionally feel a temporary displeasure at the necessary firmness which Sir William Knighton's object of putting the King's affairs into a satisfactory state obliged him to adopt; but his Majesty's good sense was sure, on reflection, to approve Sir William's plans, and produce that expression of feeling, so truly honourable and noble in so high and exalted a character. Of this, the subjoined letter is an instance; it was the result of an interview in which the servant had humbly presumed to start some objections to the will of his royal master.

FROM THE KING.

"You may easily imagine, warm and sincere as my affections are towards you, I have had but little rest since we separated last night. The feeling that I may possibly and unfortunately, in a hurried moment, when my mind and my heart were

torn in fifty different ways from fifty different causes, have let an unjust or a hasty expression escape me to any one, but most especially to you, whom I so truly love, and who are so invaluable to me as my friend, is to me a sensation much too painful to be endured: therefore let me implore you to come to me, be it but for a moment, the very first thing you do this morning; for I shall hate myself until I have the opportunity of expressing personally to you those pure and genuine feelings of affection which will never cease to live in my heart so long as that heart itself continues to beat. I am much too unhappy to say more, but that I am ever your affectionate friend,

"G. R.

"C. H.
"Wednesday morning, eight o'clock,
"July 11th, 1822."

About the 10th of August 1822, his Majesty set off for his visit to Scotland, the private details of which are limited,

having been only partially preserved by family letters.

"Dalkeith Palace, August 16, 1822.

"HERE I am in Dalkeith Palace, a place most beautifully and romantically situated, well wooded, and quite delightful. Tell dearest D. that I am again in a haunted room, for I heard strange sounds all the night through.

"Yesterday was the day of our arrival. The weather continued wet, stormy, and uncomfortable during the whole night at Leith Roads: the yacht at anchor had an uncomfortable motion. I saw, for the first time, Walter Scott, who came on board immediately on our coming to anchor. He has no trace in his countenance of such superior genius and softness of mind as the beauty of his writings displays; but the moment he speaks, you discover a correctness of understanding and a display of intellect, marked by the utmost accuracy of thought. Speaking of the incessant

rain, he said in his Scotch phraseology, 'All I can say is, I am perfectly ashamed of it.' The King then desired him to take a glass of cherry brandy, which he graciously handed to him himself. Walter Scott, when he had drunk it, craved a great favour from his Majesty, that he might be permitted to put the glass in his pocket to keep it as a relic, to his feelings above all value.

"The King's landing yesterday was most impressive and magnificent. The debarkation began at twelve o'clock. By all accounts, more than a million of people had collected together on the occasion. But the newspapers are so full of the details that I shall not stop to notice them. You may imagine everybody in their best attire, apparently, at least, happy, and testifying it by shouts and acclamations, and various loyal and national devices. In all directions were written in large letters, 'George the Fourth, we are truly happy to welcome you.'

"On my arrival, when I reflected on what I was when I last left Edinburgh, the tear passed into my eye,—the tear, I hope, of gratitude.

"I have written to you several times this week, but I have not heard from you. I hope in a day or two I may do so.

"Dalkeith Palace.

"To-day, Sunday, is a day of peace. To-morrow the dear King receives five addresses on the throne; on Tuesday, the drawing-room; on Wednesday, rest; on Thursday, the public dinner at the Lord Provost's; on Friday, the ball; on Saturday, the procession to the Castle of Edinburgh; and on Sunday, divine worship publicly at the kirk. These are the proposed arrangements for the week.

"I saw Sir Michael Seymour quite well yesterday for a moment. We shall not be likely to meet often, I am such a close prisoner here, and this place is six miles from Edinburgh. The river Esk runs below in

a beautiful dell; and such is the quantity of game, that I counted a dozen hares feeding at the same time on the lawn.

"There are two or three fine Sir Joshuas, and some other pictures, here. In the room I am in, General Monk signed the treaty which restored Charles the Second to this kingdom. His picture hangs just by my bed, which is put up in a magnificent room, that I may be near the King. Love, &c.

"W. K."

On the eve of departure from Scotland, Sir William received the following letter from Sir Walter Scott.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE thought anxiously on what you said last night; and if you wish such information as I can give respecting Scotland, I will have great pleasure in writing you a letter or two, (for it will draw to some length,) in which I will en-

deavour, as candidly and impartially as is in my power, to show you how this country now stands in its various political relations. It is scarcely necessary to add, that such a communication must be strictly confidential, and used only for your own private regulation.

"I would be glad to know your particular address, and your wishes on this matter, by a line dropped in the post-office, addressed to me, Abbotsford, Melrose.

"This is a vile day; but it is right Scotland should weep when parting with her good King.

"Always, dear sir,

"Very much yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Thursday morning."

His Majesty's visit was in every respect most gratifying to his own feelings, as well as to those of his subjects in so important a part of his dominions.

The various excellent charitable institutions of the country were remembered by his bounty. The following letter from Mr. Abercrombie is in acknowledgment of one of the King's acts of munificence.

"Edinburgh, 19, York Place,
"24th August 1822.

"SIR,

"WHEN I had the honour of receiving his Majesty's munificent donation to the Society for Relief of the Destitute Sick, I acknowledged it in a note written under such circumstances of domestic anxiety, that I am afraid it was scarcely legible.

"I am now requested by the directors of that society to solicit permission to lay before you the accompanying reports, calculated to show the nature of this charity, to which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to extend his liberal patronage, and which has for its object the relief of the industrious when disabled by sickness.

"This society consists of a numerous body of respectable citizens, and I rejoice in being the medium of conveying to you their grateful sense of his Majesty's beneficence. They warmly participate in the feelings of joy and devoted attachment which his Majesty's presence has excited in the breast of every Scotchman; and they fervently unite their prayers to Almighty God that his Majesty may receive in rich abundance the choicest blessings of Heaven.

"Allow me, sir, to express to yourself my sincere feelings of respect; and I have the honour to be,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"JOHN ABERCROMBIE."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart."

Amongst the poor little pupils of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Many letters expressive of their feelings were addressed to Sir William Knighton; and the two

which follow are interesting proofs of the utility of such an establishment, and the rapid intelligence acquired by the peculiar mode of instruction therein adopted.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

"SIR,

"I LOOK forward with much pleasure to see his most gracious Majesty's procession some time this week. We are all going to sit on the scaffold to see his Royal Majesty. You will see the Deaf and Dumb painted on our scaffold, near the church, in Canongate. The people received him with joy, and he is welcome to Scotland. I am of opinion that his Majesty thinks Edinburgh a pretty town. I was very sorry to understand that he is to leave this city very soon: we are all very sorry for it. I can assure his Majesty that I am very loyal to him, and all my schoolfellows are very loyal too. I have read that many

kings have lived in Holyrood House. Many years ago there were wars in Scotland, but there are none now. The reign of our present King is a peaceful one. I hope it will please the Lord God to keep him alive. I am thankful to Mr. Kinniburgh for teaching me to know many things: it is a great blessing indeed. I have been nearly four years at school; my age is about thirteen. I was born at Langlehead.

"I remain, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"ELIZABETH BOWES."

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

"SIR,

"I WAS sorry because I did not see you when you came to call upon us to-day. I was at the park, trying to have a sight of our gracious and beloved King. I did not see him, though I was looking with much eagerness to find his face in the coach, and

I am now disappointed. We all expect to have a better sight of him on the day of the grand procession: we shall be overwhelmed with joy. Give our respects to his most gracious Majesty. All his subjects are on the tiptoe of expectation to see him. Many persons have come from different parts of Scotland to see their King. I wish his Majesty could have spent a few weeks in Old Reekie; but I am very sorry he is to go off so soon. When his Majesty is in London, our hearts will all be covered with joy to recollect his royal visit to Scotland. When the King passes to the Canongate near our scaffold, we wish we could cry 'God save the King!' but we cannot,—we are all speechless and dumb.

"I remain yours, &c.

"JAMES BAIN."

An extract from a letter dated September 10th, 1822, marks the period of Sir William's quitting the medical profession.

"I have every hope and expectation to be enabled to dine with you on Thursday next at seven o'clock. I am very anxious to see you. To-morrow is the last day that I shall get into my carriage to practise as a physician. To me this brings with it very serious reflections. What a history mine has been! I shall feel very nervous in taking leave of the public; but I write no prescriptions for money after to-morrow.

"Kiss my dear children, &c. &c.

"W. K."

It was found necessary by Sir William at this period to put a stop to much unforeseen expenditure, which oftentimes became inconvenient to the privy purse; and the following document was drawn up by the King, which assisted essentially the requisite object of defraying outstanding debts previously to the accumulation of fresh ones. It is gratifying to observe the readiness of his Majesty to second the

endeavours of his servant on this desirable point.

"I HEREBY authorise and direct Sir William Knighton, Bart., keeper of my privy purse, to give notice to our several tradesmen, that they are not to receive orders, or to furnish any articles of furniture, &c. &c. &c., or to incur any expense whatsoever from their different trades, where such expense is to be provided for by my said privy purse, without receiving a specific order in writing for that purpose from the said Sir William Knighton, Bart.; and I do also give my authority to the said Sir William Knighton, Bart. and order and direct him, during our will and pleasure, to undertake the entire management of my private affairs, with a view to the observance of the most strict and rigid economy, that we may have the opportunity of relieving ourselves from certain embarrassments which it is not necessary to mention further in detail. We do there-

fore rely with confidence on the said Sir William Knighton for the strict performance and fulfilment of all our wishes on this head.

"GEORGE R."

"Royal Lodge,
"October 26th, 1822."

CHAPTER XI.

Sir William Knighton's Journey to Paris.—Letters from the Duke of Clarence, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, the Bishop of St. David's, George Colman, the Duke of York, &c.

In the following year some uneasiness was excited as to the state of his Majesty's health; and rules of conduct were drawn up by his Majesty's physicians, which it was desirable should be strictly enforced. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely necessary to remark, that the constant and watchful attention of one qualified by medical experience to judge, and by respectful firmness to urge, the inconvenience likely to result from any deviation from what had been advised, was very important, and Sir William's services and attention

were fully appreciated by his Majesty. He had perfect confidence in the integrity and attachment of his servant; and no subject ever served a monarch with greater faithfulness and devotion. He was most zealous in every circumstance that could contribute to his Majesty's welfare or peace of mind, and was ready on all occasions to set off on confidential missions of interest to his royal master, however distant or however fatiguing, and often travelled many nights together without other rest than such as the carriage afforded.

In the month of August this year (1823) there is a fragment of one of these journeys.

"We left London at half-past three in the morning in the Navy Board steam-vessel Comet, and reached Woolwich at twenty minutes past five.

"The weather was most tempestuous, very heavy rain, with high wind. We proposed to pass to Rotterdam; but at night it blew a gale, and we were obliged to put

back and run for Ramsgate;—the weather dreadful throughout the night.

"The Duke of Cumberland and Prince George were on board. On the 15th we started from Ramsgate at eleven o'clock, and ran for Calais, which we reached at three. The sea was very high; but, thanks be to God, all was safe. We took leave of the Duke, Prince George, Mr. Jelf, and Colonel Poten: they went to Dessin's, and we to Rignole's. We travelled all night, and arrived at Gand about ten in the morning of the 16th. It took us seventeen hours, with a postilion *en avant*. The town of Gand, or Ghent, is very interesting; it seems of great antiquity. Louis the Eighteenth retired hither on Buonaparte's occupation of France during the Hundred Days.

"17th.—We proceeded to Antwerp. We were delighted with our journey on this route: every house looked comfortable and clean, the people humble and happy. We crossed the Scheldt about twelve

o'clock, and arrived at Antwerp in about a quarter of an hour. It happened to be their jubilee. The place looked delightful. This fête had not taken place for fifty years. Every house contributed a fir-tree, so that the town looked like a grove. We visited the cathedral, and there had an opportunity of seeing Rubens' magnificent picture, the Descent from the Cross. In the evening it was impossible to imagine a more imposing sight. There were at least five thousand persons in the cathedral. The music, the organ, were most enchanting to the senses.

"On the 18th we proceeded to Mechlin; and on the 20th we arrived at Paris, and took up our residence at the Grand Hôtel Boulogne. On Thursday I saw Lord Stuart de Rothsay, and proceeded on my business," &c.

No further account has been found of this journey; but some letters written by eminent and distinguished characters about

this period will probably be read with interest.

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy-house, Nov. 4th, 1823,
"late at night.

"DEAR SIR,

"THIS evening brought me yours of yesterday, communicating to me the welcome news of the King's gracious munificence to my son Adolphus, for which I am most sincerely thankful to my brother. The manner is to me most particularly gratifying, and will, I trust and believe, make a lasting and proper impression on my son, who is a deserving young man, and has a heart capable of feeling the honour and kindness done him by his Sovereign. I am to request you will deliver the enclosed letter of thanks to the King; and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM."

Bushy-house, Nov. 5th, 1823,
" late at night.

" DEAR SIR,

" I CANDIDLY aver, after having had only last night your letter respecting the King's gracious intentions towards my son Adolphus, I could not have expected so soon, from under the immediate hand of my brother, to have been favoured with the acceptable news of his Majesty's kind permission for my daughter to occupy the apartments of my unfortunate friend Lady ***** ********. I have, of course, written my thanks to the King, and enclose the letter, which I am to request you will deliver to his Majesty, with my warmest and sincerest thanks.

" I must now turn to you, and express how deeply and gratefully I feel for the trouble and ability you have shown in effecting this measure I had really so much at heart. You are yourself the father of a family, and know the anxiety of a pa-

rent. You must therefore be a judge of the satisfaction I enjoy at seeing my daughter, who is likely to have an increasing family, so happily settled as to mansion.

"I may say with truth and confidence, this mark of favour will not be thrown away on either undeserving or ungrateful objects of his Majesty's gracious favour.

"Once more I must return you my sincere and hearty thanks for the kind interest you have taken in this business, so near to my heart, for the sake of a beloved daughter; and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours most truly and unalterably,

"WILLIAM."

"Russell Square, Nov. the 11th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HASTEN to acknowledge the honour of your letter, conveying to me the King's gracious commands to paint a half-length portrait of his Majesty, for the purpose of its being presented to Cardinal Gonsalvi at Rome. I beg you to throw me, with every sentiment of duty and reverence, at his Majesty's feet, for this additional distinction which the King confers on my pencil, and of the grateful happiness for the subject and destination of the task which his feeling beneficence has assigned me.

"I have the honour to be, with great respect and perfect esteem,

"Yours, &c.

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I WROTE you some time since; but I dare say my letter is sticking fast in the

snow, or lost altogether; for such a storm has not been known since the memory of man, and several mail-bags have burst open as they transported them on horseback, and many letters have miscarried.

"Mine was of very little consequence, as it only contained the humble desire of the celebrated Captain Scoresby, whose Northern discoveries are likely to be so beneficial to navigation, to dedicate his account of his voyage on the western coast of West Greenland to the King. His surveys of the coast make a great and most material alteration in the charts hitherto in existence. But I enclose his own letter, of which I formerly sent a copy, and which gives a much more distinct account of the nature of his discoveries than I can pretend to offer.

"I see Mr. Scoresby often at the meetings of the Royal Society and elsewhere. He is a modest, gentlemanlike young man, and the work is executed in the best pos-

sible style. Perhaps you will have the goodness to take his Majesty's pleasure in this little matter, and let me know.

"We are keeping ourselves as warm here as cold weather will permit, to which our recollections of his Majesty's happy visit contributes not a little. There was a commemoration-assembly on Thursday; to-day there is a commemoration-dinner of the Archer Guard; and next Saturday, a similar festivity of the Celtic Guards: so that the countenance which his Majesty so generously granted us continues to enliven us after his departure, as the sun after his departure leaves his beams in the horizon.

"I shall be a steward at one of these dinners, and president at that of the breechless gentlemen; which is rather hard service. But the weather fits it well; for certainly our navigators have of late visited the North Pole so often, that the ice

and snow are come in mere civility to return the visit.

"I am always, dear Sir William,

"Very much your faithful

"and obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"When you favour me with a line, I would be particularly obliged if you would mention how his Majesty is."

The following is the letter from Mr. Scoresby enclosed by Sir Walter Scott.

"Edinburgh, 20th January, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"ON a voyage to the northern whale-fishery, performed last summer, I was enabled to make very considerable researches and discoveries upon the eastern coast, or unknown coast of Greenland. An account of this voyage, under the title annexed, is now in the press, which I am desirous of having the honour of dedicating, by

permission, to his Majesty. Perhaps you would have the goodness to put me in the way of inquiring his Majesty's pleasure on the subject.

"As the coast on which my investigations have been made has become one of the most important of whale-fishing stations, the surveys thereon must be of great consequence to our whalers, especially as the situation of the land was found to be altogether different from that previously attributed to it, and the longitudes so wide of the truth as to expose navigators visiting it to the most serious risk. In addition to these geographical researches or surveys, (extending to six degrees of latitude and eight hundred miles of coast, including indentations,) the work embraces various hydrographical, astronomical, and nautical subjects, which, it is presumed, will render it useful, not only to our whale-fishers, but also to our royal and merchant navy in general.

"As the determination of the geography

of the earth has always been considered of national importance, I am led to hope that my labours in this department of science may not be considered unworthy of his Majesty's acceptance.

"With every feeling of respect and regard,

"I remain,

"Dear sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"WILLIAM SCORESBY, jun."

"Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"I THANK you for your agreeable letter. I am delighted that you are well, and equally so that you *think*. You are quite right in supposing, that to encounter difficulties in this life, from whatever cause, is always good. If it be in the attainment of useful knowledge, it strengthens the mind; and the application necessary for

this object shuts the mind against the evil passions of our nature, and fortifies us against ourselves. Bodily fatigue and sometimes bodily suffering are equally useful.

"Tell dearest mamma I am better, and I hope in a few days to get rid of my present embarrassment of health. It has been a slight threatening of my last severe illness; but the knowledge of the past, which is always a useful knowledge, has taught me how to manage, and, moreover, I have trusted to my own judgment. How true it is that life in youth is prospective, — in age, or advancing years, retrospective! In the one case we live on the future; in the other, on the past.

"The plagiarism of writers is much more than always meets the eye. The plain truth is, that there is scarcely anything new (as Solomon says) under the sun! Old thoughts are expressed in a new construction of words.

"I remember, more than thirty years

ago, being with my early friend Dr. Geach in his parlour, when he showed me an old picture that he had, which was curiously painted as an allegory of our first parents. I instantly exclaimed, 'Why, Pope, sir, must have seen that picture!'—'How so?' said he.—'Why, because he has these two lines,

> "Eve's tempter thus, the Rabbi have confess'd,
> A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest."

Thus was the picture painted two hundred years before Pope wrote the two lines; and no doubt he borrowed the thought from the picture.

"You must know, my beloved Dora, I was sixteen before I knew that there was such a man as the poet Pope. A volume was lent me by an old Welsh schoolmaster: well, such was my avidity of feeling in reading it, that I carried off the whole impression in my memory. This took place on the banks of the river Tavy, which used to be my walk at six in the morning, extending along the banks until I came to Crowndale, now a farm-house,

in which the famous Sir Francis Drake was born. At that time my project was to traverse the wilds of America. With this view, I put aside a suit of clothes I was to have had, for the purpose of purchasing a book then in vogue, called Winterbottom's History of America. This Winterbottom was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and a very clever man. I could give you some amusing history of myself, were I to sit down and write. I am afraid I have tired you, my dearest. Kiss the two dears, &c.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

The following are from the late Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Burgess, while Bishop of St. David's, the great patron and promoter of everything connected with literature.

"Oxford, Dec. 16th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE great pleasure in being able to inform you that I have this morning seen

the fac-simile copies of the Herculaneum MSS., which were unrolled and copied under the direction of Mr. Hayter, and presented to the University of Oxford by his present Majesty, about twelve or thirteen years ago.

"The delay which has taken place will have one considerable advantage, — that these literary curiosities will be better published now in lithography than they could have been at that time in copper-plate, not only at an infinitely less expense, but more correctly. A committee has been appointed for the publication, which will commence early in the summer.

"I return to London to-morrow; and am,

"Dear sir,

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"J. St. David's."

"12, Upper Montague-street,

"DEAR SIR, "Dec. 19th, 1823.

"I CANNOT too strongly express my own personal thanks to you for your very obliging attention to my suggestion. Your letter, under the sign-manual of his Majesty, was read yesterday to the council of the Royal Society of Literature, and was received with the most grateful, loyal, and affectionate feeling towards his Majesty. There are three acts of his Majesty's life, —the literary mission to Portici for expediting the unrolling of the Herculaneum manuscripts, the endowment of the Royal Society of Literature, and the present of the Royal Library to the British nation, —which must immortalize his Majesty's name as the patron of literature. The room at the British Museum now building, three hundred feet long, will be a magnificent monument to the King's memory.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most obliged and faithful servant,

"J. ST. DAVID'S."

The King's generous contribution to the building of St. David's College, though it could not be placed in the list of great public acts in the preceding pages, will never be forgotten in the principality of Wales.

The following letters, received in 1824, are inserted in the order of their dates.

"29th February, 1824,
"5, Melina Place, Westminster Road.

"MR. COLMAN presents his compliments to Sir William Knighton, and is much gratified by Sir William having expressed a wish to see his short remarks on "Alasco," a copy of which he has now the pleasure to enclose.

"Although the ferment of the times has greatly subsided, still plays which are built upon conspiracies, and attempts to revolutionize a state, stand upon ticklish ground; and the proposed performance of such plays is to be contemplated with more jealousy, when they pourtray the dis-

affected as gallant heroes and hapless lovers. Thus drawn, *ad captandum vulgus*, their showy qualities and tender distresses of the heart throw a dazzle and an interest round their sedition, — while they preach up the doctrine that government is tyranny, that revolt is virtue, and that rebels are the righteous.

"Alasco, in the tragedy of the same name, is a character of the above description, and Walsingham is set up against him as a contrast. Whenever these two gentlemen meet, there is an effusion of clap-trap sentiments between them, in the alternate support of loyalty and radicalism; and they *prône* in a *pro* and *con* dialogue, vying with each other, speech for speech, by turns, like a couple of contending swains in an eclogue. In respect to their good and evil influence over an audience, they are the Messieurs Bane and Antidote of the tragedy: and from a tragedy that needs so much counter-poison, for the chance only of neutralizing its arsenic, the

deducement to be made as to its dangerous tendency is very obvious.

"It is my opinion that the objections against acting this play may be removed by the erasures which I have made,—in which, should the managers think proper to acquiesce, I will (on their altering the MS. and again placing it in my hands) submit the play to the Lord Chamberlain for his licence.

"GEORGE COLMAN."

"February, 1824.

"The foregoing summary remarks were written by me, as Examiner of Plays; and I communicated them to Mr. Charles Kemble, one of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, when the tragedy of "Alasco" was under my official consideration.

"G. C."

" St. James's, April 30th, 1824.

" DEAR SIR,

" His Majesty having so graciously pleased to listen to my suggestion respecting the alteration for the Hanoverian Office at the Palace, I venture once more to trouble you on the point of the building intended for that purpose. To the accommodation of the Duchess this additional slip at the back of our present apartments would be most to be wished and desired, and never can make a complete Hanoverian office without our kitchen, which the King has so kindly allowed us to keep. Under this perfect conviction, I venture to apply for this slip of building, which was intended for the Hanoverian Office. I am confident his Majesty is fully aware of the inconvenience and unfitness of our present apartments here. They were arranged for me in 1809, when I was a bachelor, and without an idea at that time of my ever being married; since which (now fifteen years) nothing has

been done to them; and you well know the dirt and unfitness for the Duchess of our present abode. Under these circumstances, I earnestly request, for the sake of the amiable and excellent Duchess, you will, when the King is quite recovered, represent the wretched state and dirt of our apartments, and the infinite advantage this slip would produce to the convenience and comfort of the Duchess.

"No news is good news. I am therefore to hope and trust his Majesty is advancing as we must wish him. God bless the King and yourself: and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours unalterably,

"WILLIAM."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart."

"Stable Yard, Oct. 16th, 1824.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"IT was only by accident that I learnt the other day your return from the Continent, and have waited till the last mo-

ment in the hopes of seeing you; but being now under the necessity of leaving town to-morrow morning for three weeks, I must trouble you with a letter upon two or three points which have occurred, and will not well admit of further delay.

"The first is a memorial from the widow of the late Mr. Firth, now Madame de Mallet. The memorial contains nothing more than a humble recommendation of her children to his Majesty's gracious benevolence, her object being to procure some sort of provision or employment for them, not military.

"The second is an application from Lady Anderson, which must take its own chance.

"The third is a memorial from Pistrucci, the engraver of arms and medals at the Mint, whose merits are, I know, not unknown to his Majesty, and whose case appears to be particularly hard.

"I will not trespass any farther upon you for the present, and will therefore only add how sincerely

"I am ever,

"Dear Sir William,

"Yours,

"FREDERICK."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, Oct. 18th, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE been frequently on the point of taking up my pen to call to your mind the propriety of the King's subscribing to the Scottish Corporation; and now I enter on the point, as the secretary has just written to me on the subject of the approaching 30th of November.

"His Majesty, I know, subscribes annually to the St. Patrick meeting, and, I

believe, to the Welsh charity. I submit to your discriminating mind the propriety and popularity of the Sovereign extending equally his munificence to his Scottish subjects.

"The Corporation was established by Charles the Second, and re-incorporated by the late King. Its object is exactly opposite to the Caledonian Asylum; for the Corporation returns the poor Scotch to their native country, and the other establishment encourages them to remain in London. Add to which, the King is justly and particularly popular from his visit to Scotland, and now more especially, the Scottish attainders being in a course of reversal.

"I am fully aware of the various calls on the gracious bounty of the King; and I write to you with the greater confidence, because I see with pleasure, and hear with equal satisfaction, how well the privy purse is carried on under your able manage-

ment.* I do not press the Scottish Corporation, but merely hint, in the event of other charities being discontinued, the benefit that must accrue to his Majesty in considering with equal favour his Scottish as his Welsh and Irish subjects.

"Ever believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM."

FROM GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

"2nd December, 1824,
"Melina Place, Westminster Road.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I WAS told yesterday, at Carlton House, where I called in hopes of the pleasure of seeing you, that you were in the country,

* By the "able management" of King George the Fourth's affairs, here so handsomely acknowledged by the brother of the Sovereign, not only was the King extricated from great pecuniary difficulties, but was enabled considerably to extend his royal beneficence in aid of charities both of a public and private nature.

and that the time of your return to town was uncertain. I therefore direct this and the accompanying packet to Hanover Square, wishing it may reach you soon, as it will be seen by Kelly's letter inclosed, that expedition is desirable, on account of treating with the bookseller, which treaty I will endeavour to postpone till you are kind enough to let me hear from you. I saw Kelly immediately after I left you, and told him that my own impulse induced me to caution him on the business in question. He appears to me loyal even to enthusiasm; and, in common with all those of right feeling, who have the honour and happiness to experience the kind-hearted condescension of our gracious master, most dutifully and gratefully attached. He told me that he would, at my desire, send me copies of everything he proposed publishing relative to the King, and would abide by my opinion as to alterations, omissions, &c. &c. In consequence, I have received from him the papers which I now forward to you, and

will thank you for your sentiments upon them at your earliest convenience.

"Kelly is extremely anxious for permission to dedicate his book to the King; and, as Irishmen are always making blunders, he speculates upon obtaining his wish through so poor a channel as myself. I have promised him to use any little interest I may possess among the higher powers to get this wish, or rather humble petition, submitted to his Majesty, and if Sir William Knighton desire to know the person whom I would solicit on this subject, I say unto him, as Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man,'—always provided, however, that such solicitation be not improper.

"Believe me,

"Dear Sir William,

"With sincere esteem,

"Most faithfully yours,

"G. COLMAN."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart
"Hanover Square."

"P.S. As none of the contents of the diary mentioned in Kelly's letter are to be published, (except one article about a child called 'Julia,' which is in the paper now forwarded,) I do not transmit the said diary; indeed I am pledged to return it on this day."

In July 28th, 1824, a letter dated from Paris mentions that Sir William was on a journey of sixteen hundred miles, but that he hoped to be back in about three weeks. The next is from Bourdeaux.

"August 4th, 1824.

"THUS far have we proceeded, and I believe are occupying the same hotel as that in which you were some years since. The weather is very hot: to-morrow I shall find it particularly so, as the roads we are approaching for two hundred miles are, for the most part, nothing but deep sand, so that the people of the country are obliged to walk on stilts. Of course, in such a

country the inhabitants are few. This is a long journey, and I have been a good deal fatigued.

"Pray kiss my dear children, and say that I think of them very often. Tell dearest Mary Frances that I have a pretty cross for her, which I bought at Poitiers, a very old town."

"St. Jean de Luz, at the foot of the Pyrenees,
"August 9th, 1824.

"As I know you will be anxious to hear, I write to tell you, thank God, I am quite well. I am now in a little village, tolerably comfortably lodged in the house of the maire of the district. It is impossible to describe to you the wonderful magnificence of this scenery; but it seems that, in reaching this spot, you are come to the confines of the world. You seem hedged in on all sides by an impenetrable barrier. From my bed-room, where I now write, the mountains before me are every here and there covered with snow, whilst the

temperature below is several degrees hotter than in the hottest day in England. By this route the road for carriages here ends, and you cross the frontier to get into Spain upon mules, which proceed along the side of the Pyrenees until you get to the other side.

"Tell my beloved William I bought a few minerals for him this morning, which I got about six miles up the side of the Pyrenees. If I get these specimens safely to England, he will value them, for they have cost me much trouble.

"I hope to finish my business on Spanish ground, and then back to Barreges, which is close to this, in a few days. I then proceed to Montpellier, and thence to Paris. Tell my three little darlings I think of them often. I have wished for you more than once; the scenery is so grand that your pencil might be well employed. These mountaineers are most pitiable in their appearance. Indeed it is difficult here to get a sufficiency of food;

comfort is out of the question—it is all wretchedness.

"Tarbes is the last place of any consequence, and that is more than fifty miles from this; hence the difficulty of getting supplies. The filthiness of the people is beyond belief."

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"Tarbes 10th September.

"I WILL write you a line in place of dearest mamma, as it may not be so attractive to the police (by whom most letters are opened) to *Miss* as to *Lady*. As I have never written to you from abroad, a letter from me in aftertimes, when I am dead and gone, may be very dear to you. Much of the happiness of life is connected with the remembrance of those we dearly love; and everything that brings back to us those tender affections tends to cultivate the harmony and delightful feelings of our nature.

"I must first tell you that I am quite well. I trust in God that you are all in health, and that dearest mamma has recovered from her cold, which in the gloomy moments of my journey has fussed and made me uncomfortable.

"I arrived here last night. I left Windsor yesterday evening week, got to Paris on Saturday evening last, and was detained by two of the foreign ambassadors and the banker here, until the morning of Sunday; I then travelled three nights and days successively. Here I am surrounded by the Pyrenees, which are partially covered with snow, whilst below we are under a burning sun. Nothing can, however, be more magnificently grand. These mountains you must some day see with me.

"I am in a comfortable house. The Duke of Wellington breakfasted in it the morning after some one of his battles. By the way, his Grace was the last person I took leave of on quitting Windsor, who is indeed most kind to me on all occasions.

"I wrote to dearest mamma from Paris, by the messenger who took my letter to the King. I move from this to-morrow, but whither I know not; but I shall certainly leave this for the mountains about one in the morning.

"The moon here is very brilliant; but the lightning for the last two nights has been tremendous. However, it is, I believe, now all over.

"It will be some days before I put this letter into the post; and when I again write upon this paper, I shall, I hope, be on the Mediterranean coast. For to-day, God bless you, my beloved. Love and best affections to all."

"Toulouse, Sept. 14th.

"I FIND that I must send to England to-morrow: this will be opened with the other packet. I am quite well, and getting on satisfactorily so far. Tell dearest mamma I hope to write to her when I cross the Alps. From the Pyrenees to the

Alps is tremendous work. My travelling books will be amusing to you some day —all in good time. Tell dearest Willy I have picked up a valuable work on antiquarian concerns for him.

"Ever yours, &c. W. K."

"Toulon, Sept. 21st, 1824.

"ONE line, to tell you I am quite well, and I trust in God that you and my dear children are the same. I arrived here late last night, and am proceeding; but I hope and believe that a very few days will put an end to my journey in this direction, and then I shall get on, I trust, as fast as possible for Paris. The harbour of this port is beautiful, and so indeed is the scenery around. One wants, however, those common comforts, which by the traveller, as you know, are seldom attainable. The heat is excessive through the day, but the nights are cold. I am very cautious of my health, and in consequence I bear my fatigue well.

"I shall say no more. This letter in a minute or two will be read by the police. God bless you! Kiss my darlings. Give my love to my beloved Willy when you write, and say I hope we shall spend a pleasant Christmas together.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XII.

Sir William Knighton's Journey to the Continent.—His description of France in 1824.—Letters to his Family.

Some remarks on France, which appear to have been written during the journey described in the foregoing chapter, seem very descriptive of the country at that period, 1824. They are as follows.

"In passing from Calais to Paris, I was much struck with the miserable appearance of the towns and villages through which I passed. The dilapidated state of the houses seemed everywhere to mark poverty, and a carelessness as to the sufficient provision even for the day. I find it difficult to reconcile this state of things

with the appearance, as it seemed to me, of constant industry ; for in many parts where the same wretchedness characterized the villages and the inhabitants, I observed the women were every moment employed in knitting. But I ought to make an exception to this rule, and this exception was nowhere to be found but where the English resided. In those towns you saw the peaceful, clean tranquillity, so apparent to a stranger when passing through the greatest towns and smallest villages of England. I may mention the French towns of Abbeville, Tours, Boulogne-sur-mer, Toulouse, &c. &c. These particular places, from circumstances of the inhabitants, may no doubt have always worn the more agreeable appearance of comfort and cleanliness, and hence the English may have been tempted to reside in them ; nevertheless, I have no question but that the English have materially contributed to their superiority.

"In looking at Paris, the first thing that will strike a contemplative mind is the external appearance of morality and propriety of conduct. There is no flagrant breach of any of the necessary laws by which the mind is prevented, by habit as it were, from becoming dissipated through the medium of the eyes and ears. Everything appears light, airy, good-humoured, and gay. That politeness which formerly so much distinguished the French nation has vanished; but there is the civility of agreeable manners, combined, however, with a rough equality of speech, evidently the effects of that detestable Revolution, which has put away from the present French race, for a time, even the power of thinking with good-nature: and without good-nature there can be no urbanity of manners, and no real politeness.

"The decreased observance of religious ordinances, the want of every kind of devotion to the Almighty, which at least for

a time was promoted and encouraged by Buonaparte, has taken away much of the respect and the proper acknowledgment due to the different gradations of society. None of these external decencies are observed by the lower classes to the higher; and even in their ordinary avocations they work for their employers not as superiors, but as equals. The lower classes scarcely address each other without an oath; and the postilions apply to their horses, on the slightest occasions, the most blasphemous expressions. All this arises from want of religion altogether, or the imperfection of that which is professed by the country.

"Admonitions from the priests, in the form of sermons, are, I believe, seldom given, and the communication of the owners of domains with their tenantry is very limited; hence there is no example, no emulation, consequently no knowledge of better things.

"If the religion of the country was as well managed as the police, the effect

would soon be strikingly felt. Crime in the form of theft is rare. You may leave your baggage in the streets,—no one will interfere; and your money at the hotel is as safe on the toilette of your bed-room as if locked in your escritoire. All this arises from the organisation of the police, under the name of gendarmerie. This body protects the inhabitants of France from every species of crime, because it is known that nothing can be done without an immediate discovery: there is no escape; and it is the prevention of crime, and not the punishment, that is the guardian of society. All immorality is therefore private; there is no public vice to be observed, caused either by wine or women. Whatever exists, and which is enormous in point of extent and iniquity, is hidden.

"It is perfectly intelligible to me how the road should be so easy to an able and powerful general to make himself master of the French nation. If I name

Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, perhaps Tours and Nismes, I have named almost all that may be called France. Let a leader like Buonaparte possess the confidence of the army and these three or four places, and the thing is done. There are, as in England, no yeomanry, no gentry, no scattered local interests, to become a barrier to such attempts of adventuring ambition and profligate power.

"In speaking of Buonaparte, I observe that all those qualities which endear one to the heart of man, in him were wanting. This is discovered in passing over every part of France. No attention has been paid to the wants and comforts of France, as I have already stated; not a house has been repaired or added to in any of the towns and villages. Everything, from year to year, has gradually sunk into decay; and where improvement has been visible, it has been only to gratify and feed the passion of vanity and the barbarities of war. It is true, Napoleon was thinking of

consolidating his power; and this he could only do by feeding the hopes and ambition of the army, which he constantly kept employed. Half the officers and men, looking to what had happened to a few, built, no doubt, in their own imaginations, on dukedoms and palaces for their retirement.

"Buonaparte seemed to have known human nature well, and particularly the French character. He had a great power of calculating on future events. He heard the opinions of all, and then acted for himself. When he had decided, hesitation was at an end. He was prompt in the execution of all his projects, great or small, and never trusted any inquiry to the judgment of another when he had the opportunity of using his own. This in general answered. Upon a great scale, it will always be found to succeed; but there are moments when deliberation is necessary, and becomes a virtue.

"If Buonaparte had been more delibe-

rate and less prompt, the Duc d'Enghien would not have been shot, and Buonaparte would have saved himself from incalculable mischief. It is well known that he always regretted the death of that prince. But whatever error Buonaparte committed, he never for a moment acknowledged it. This may be wise in a man who is obliged to command any particular mass of men: whether it be a kingdom or a large establishment, words as well as conduct must be absolute in these situations. Little minds cannot understand this. When 'Cæsar says, Do this, it is performed.' The opportunity Buonaparte would have had to prove himself a great man was lost by his premature downfall. Few men possess the gift of being great alike in prosperity and in trouble. Those are indeed gifted beings who expand in adversity. It often requires the workings of extraordinary events to exhibit men in their true character. Napoleon had done everything in

his power to rivet the affection of those who were in his service: he bound them to him by the two most powerful ties,—interest and self-love.

"The attachment to a government is always in proportion to the advantages it offers.

"If he could have forced England to his own peace, which was the object of his last and final war with Russia, he would then have displayed (had he possessed them) all those high qualities of true genius which throw so much lustre over the character of greatness in time of peace. I think we should have seen all those qualities in Buonaparte. His want of humility causes the only doubt I have: without that bright beam, there can be no transcendent genius. In his conversations with O'Meara, there is always present an overbearing spirit.

"Humility might probably have formed a part of his original character;—without it, it was impossible he could have shone

forth so early without being knocked down by the pretensions of others. When a man's mind undergoes a change in this respect, by good fortune, success, or the prosperity of intellect, I have observed it takes place almost suddenly, perhaps between the ages of thirty-nine and forty. I have been obliged (to speak of little things) to watch this in myself.

"Marseilles is a large mercantile city, full of resident inhabitants, and frequented at present by persons of every nation in Europe. The basin for smaller vessels is most commodious, and the quays clean, airy, and well arranged. When I entered the town, about five in the evening, the streets were thronged with people; besides the doors being lined, some standing, some with chairs, but all talking.

"I could understand, from what I observed, that all these individuals composed one mass, and one eternal gossiping; and hence the fire and energy such would ac-

quire under the influence of a revolutionary spirit. This town sent forth three thousand firebrands, who marched to Paris in a body at the commencement of, or during the spirit of, the most savage and sanguinary days of the French Revolution.

"The inns were good, the coffeehouses clean, and everything bespeaks the wealth of merchandise.

"Billiards and dominos are the favourite games. These are continued by the young merchants and their clerks to a late hour at night.

"The country approaching Marseilles is very unusual in point of appearance,—rock upon rock. It has evidently been under water at a much later period than the Deluge.

"The Levant trade is carried on here to a very great pitch of prosperity. In the evening of Sunday I went to the cathedral. It being just after the death of Louis the

Eighteenth, I passed one or two female processions.

" Nismes is one of the oldest cities in France. The amphitheatre and other antiquities are well known. I went to the cathedral at seven in the evening: they were about to perform high mass for the king. I did not wait for the bishop, for I was tired. The church was filled with people of the lowest condition. Nismes is remarkable for the number of its Protestants, who fell a sacrifice in the year 1815 to the vengeance of the Roman Catholics.

" Carcassone and Narbonne are wretched places, without any comfort: a burning sun in the summer, and no conveniences in the winter. Gnats or musquitoes infest the atmosphere, and make it very tormenting to travellers.

" Tarbes is the last considerable town on this side the Pyrenees; and here the last French prefect resides, whose authority extends to the boundary which di-

vides France from Spain. It was in this place the Duke of Wellington skirmished with the rear of Soult's army, and drove them through the town.

"On my arrival here there was a large fair, which is held every fifteen days. The whole of the neighbouring population assemble, and bring their produce of cattle, &c. and purchase their different articles for home consumption in return. To show the perfection of the French police, the moment the sun sets every individual departs for his home; and they quit the town in large parties, some in carts, some on horses, mules, and asses, but the greater number on foot. They all seem to be managed (and necessarily so) like so many children.

"The day after my arrival, I saw a good specimen of ingenious contrivance to play on the credulity of poor human nature, in the person of a quack doctor. He was seated in his cabriolet, with his two servants in livery, preceded by a band of

music, composed of three persons, also in handsome livery. By his side sat a very handsome woman dressed with great elegance. The music, of course, attracted an assemblage; for, although but three instruments, the harmony was perfect, and seemed to gladden every heart.

"Fréjus, Sept. 22nd, 1824.

"I THIS morning passed through this little town, which is remarkable for being within two miles of the Bay of St. Raphael, where Buonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, and where he embarked when he went to Elba. I was in the inn (a wretched place) where he slept the night previously. The landlord told me that he spoke to no one: he was very unwell.

"It is probable the seeds of the disease which ultimately killed him were then beginning to be felt. It is curious to reflect upon what his feelings must have been on landing and embarking on the same spot.

"In one instance, with his powerful mind and intuitive knowledge, he must in some degree have seen the glory which awaited him; in the other, everything that had been was finally eclipsed. It is true that he still retained his title, and his downfall was not so complete as his future conduct made it; yet perhaps the suddenness of the change might have rendered it equally difficult to bear.

"Fréjus is the remains of an old Spanish town, and is equally an emblem with Buonaparte's fall of the end of grandeur. The walls of the grand amphitheatre are crumbling into dust; and you can trace here and there what was once magnificent, and contained all the pride, vanity, and wickedness of the conquerors."

About the end of November, it will be seen by the following letters that Sir William was again despatched to the Continent.

"London, Thursday night.

"THIS letter will surprise you; but, at a moment's notice, the King has again ordered me abroad, and this night I proceed to Dover for France, and from thence to Sardinia. My situation involves very heavy penalties upon me; but take care of your own health, and that of my dearest children, and I am happy. Whatever becomes of me, you may believe that my feelings are perfect towards you and ours, and I may say yours—by which I mean your family.

"God bless you! Kiss my darlings, and believe me, &c.

"W. K."

"Dover, York Hotel, 30th Nov. 1824.

"I WRITE you one line again to-day, because, as the tempest still continues, it will be comforting for you to know that we are safe at this inn, viewing from our windows the sea running mountains high. There seems no calculation from expe-

rience how long a severe gale may last. If one may guess, I should suppose the tempest is too violent to continue many hours. However, my original determination still continues, not to think of crossing until I can do so with safety.

"If we do not stir to-morrow, I shall have the pleasure of again writing to you. This is a sad delay; but Heaven knows what is for the best. Give my love to my dearest darlings; tell them how much I love them. It is now about five in the evening, and the gale rather increases than otherwise. There is a large ship just drifting past."

"Nice, Dec. 13th, 1824.

"MY BELOVED AND DEAREST

DORA AND WILLIAM,

"I ADDRESS this letter to you two, but it is for all; and you will give my affection to dearest mamma, and say that I have taken this method as I wish you

both to have a joint letter as a little Christmas keepsake.

"My journey thus far has been safe and prosperous, and I am, thank God! quite well; but I expect to be almost blinded by musquito-bites; for, notwithstanding December, and the Alps all around covered with snow, the weather in the middle of the day is intensely hot. I have eaten the last two days at dinner green peas in great perfection, and, among other things, a roasted plover and artichokes, the whole of which are plentiful at this season of the year. There are also at the table on which I write beautiful flowers, the produce of the garden of this hotel,—roses, violets, jonquils, jessamine, and various others. The oranges are ripening fast on the trees; and, what is singular, the sharp frosts at night and the burning sun in the day contribute conjointly to this end.

"But the comforts of dear old England far surpass the novelties that I have

mentioned to you; and I cannot tell you, my dears, how I shall miss my Christmas at home. It is painful to me to think of it; but, alas! it cannot be otherwise. One of the greatest blessings is, that although so far distant, time and place cannot change the beautiful associations of parental affection. I have got a very curious old rosary for you, which belonged to a remarkable person, Madame de Sevigné, as I am told,—I met with it by accident at Avignon; and for dear William, in ascending the mountain near Fréjus, almost opposite Fort Rapho, in the Mediterranean, where Buonaparte embarked for Elba, I had the good fortune to pick up a mineral which is very rare, to add to his collection.

"The whole of this mountain, tell your dearest mother, is covered with the kalmia; and there are thousands of this plant, for each of which you would pay fifteen or twenty shillings in the nursery-gardens in England. The arbutus here

grows wild also, covered with fruit; and we have every kind of heath, rosemary, and precious herbs: indeed the region I am now entering abounds to such a degree with highly-scented flowers, that a large quantity of fine perfume is extracted from them, and exported to different countries, by way of Marseilles.

"I wish to mention to dear William, that on the top of this mountain, near to a goatherd's cave, I was obliged to pass a great part of the night in my carriage. From the darkness of the night, the mountain was impassable until daybreak. Two gendarmes passed in the night: they had accidentally fallen in on the mountain with several wild boars and two young bears;—they contrived to save themselves, killed the two bears and one wild boar, which they and two mountaineers were carrying on some fir poles. In the winter, game is most abundant in the mountains.

"As I approached the Mediterranean, nearer to Sardinia, we saw the island of

St. Marguerite, where the man in the iron mask was confined. The tradition of the story is this, and it seems to be nearly well authenticated:—Louis the Thirteenth of France had two sons twins, and there was some confusion at the time of their birth as to which was born first. The government became uneasy at this, from a suspicion that as the young men grew up, it might lead to contentions for the throne, and consequently to civil wars. They therefore determined to put an iron mask on one, that the resemblance might not be known, and to confine him for life in this castle. From the other son the King of France that was beheaded sprang.

"It is a curious story: but they show in the castle many antique remains; amongst other things, the iron mask, which appears to have been riveted behind. I have got two liards, or farthings, for William, connected with the French Revolution.

"I can hardly tell what my movements are to be,—it will in some measure de-

pend on contingent circumstances; but I shall write to your dear mother in the course of the week from some place or other, as I am constantly moving. I got her letter at Lyons, with William's sketch, which made me very happy. Tell your mother I have remembered her flower-seeds both here and at Paris.

"I hope you will consider this, however long, yet not a tiresome letter. I am obliged to write in a great hurry, as the post goes out at two o'clock in the day, and I have been much engaged with the authorities of this place. I often wonder how I get through everything. You must set a value on my exertions, and consider how much I do and suffer, for what may be of consequence to you hereafter.

"Remember me to Mad^lle^ M.

"God bless you, my beloved children.

"Ever your affectionately attached

"W. K."

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir William Knighton despatched on a fresh Journey by the King.—Letter from the Duke of Clarence.—Letters from Sir William to his own Family.—Letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Gooch, and the King.—Extracts from Sir William's Journal.

AFTER Sir William's return to England, no particular occurrence is noted in his handwriting until March 1825, when he was again despatched by the King on a distant journey. In the interval, however, his Majesty had a severe attack of gout; and the editor ventures to insert, on this and other occasions, letters, and extracts from letters, from different members of the Royal Family, which so strongly mark the affectionate feelings which existed towards his Majesty.

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy-house, Jan. 29th, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"IT is not till evening I see the papers of the day, and I read with anxious concern that the King had had an accession of gout. I hope the fact is not so; but, being unable to be in town this morning, I write these lines to inquire after the health of his Majesty. At the same time, I cannot forget to-day is the anniversary of the King's accession to the throne: I must therefore request you will present my best, sincerest, and warmest wishes to my brother, and assure his Majesty in my name of the anxious and earnest desire I have, in common with all his loving subjects, that we may long, very long enjoy the happiness and advantage of possessing our present excellent Sovereign.

"Ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

"To Sir William Knighton."

The next letters from Sir William are from Calais.

"I CAN hardly hold the pen, I have been so very ill. The wind was fresh, and there was a good deal of uncomfortable sea; but we had a safe and quick passage of three hours. Left London at seven last night, arrived at Dover at a quarter past seven this morning, and shall set off from hence in an hour, travel all night, and hope to reach Brussels at three to-morrow afternoon, where I propose to sleep and have a long night. Please God this is accomplished, it will be very quick. I shall write one line to my beloved William, to say I am well.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO MISS K.

"Frankfort, March 25th, 1825.

"I WRITE to *you* this time,—I wrote to your mother from Tournay. I am much fatigued with my journey; but I hope a few hours' rest will recover me, and that I shall be able to proceed to-morrow on my route to Potsdam, from whence I will, if possible, write again, and give you an account of my movements.

"The weather through France and Belgium has been very severe. To-day it is fine; but last night there was a heavy fall of snow, which has made the air warmer. It is dreary travelling so many miles alone,—for I have no one with me, if I except a German courier, who travels on the dickey of my carriage; so I have plenty of time for thought, and many things not pleasant to think of.

"I have seen nothing hitherto to pro-

cure for you in remembrance of this journey: indeed, this has been as yet my only resting-place, and that for a few hours only. Perhaps when I return through this place I may be enabled to get you a few German books, if I learn from Miss M. what would suit you. From Coblentz to Mayence the scenery is beautiful; the road is along the right bank of the Rhine. I believe your dear mother once travelled over a part of this route. I was too tired and embarrassed to enjoy it; and the severity of the weather put aside those pleasurable feelings that are so often communicated to the mind through the medium of the eye.

"I did not see your dear brother before I left England, but I wrote to him. I regard you all very much, or indeed I should not go through the exertion that I am constantly called upon to make. But my elasticity is passing from me fast, and I shall soon cease to be what I have been. You must endeavour, my beloved

Dora, to cheer my old age, if I should live to that period.

"God bless and preserve you.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

Between the intervals of Sir William's absence from England his time was devoted to his Majesty's interest, and the management of his affairs. A passage from a letter from the late Duke of Montrose, then holding a situation in his Majesty's establishment, expresses the satisfactory result in the decrease of the pecuniary embarrassments.

"Buchanan, Dumbarton, August 10th, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"... You have really done wonders in paying off the sums expended at Brighton, and, I trust, will be able to prevent the same inconvenience happening again, for the comfort of his Majesty; as I am persuaded the King must have much felt the

former inconvenient state of things as relating to the expense at Brighton."

FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you that his Most Christian Majesty honoured me this morning at St. Cloud with the first sitting for his portrait. The King, immediately on his entrance, inquired with the strongest interest after his Majesty's health, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the account which I had the happiness to give him. He said he yielded most readily to his Majesty's flattering desire for his portrait, and he then sat to me for nearly two hours. His Majesty was attended by the Duc d'Aumont and another nobleman.

"During the greater part of the sitting, the children of the Duc de Berri were with the King, playing round him with

the innocent and even riotous vivacity of their age, which his Most Christian Majesty endeavoured to check, from apprehension of its interrupting my labours; but being humbly assured that it did not, they remained with him till the close of the sitting. The scene was of assistance to me rather than disadvantage, or I should have yielded to the superior duty imposed upon me.

"The countenance of his Most Christian Majesty has much character, with very benevolent expression. It presents some difficulty from its varying action; but the sketch I made seemed to give general satisfaction, and I have little doubt of finally succeeding.

"His Most Christian Majesty appointed Tuesday next for his second sitting, and expressed his desire that I would on the same day begin the portrait of the Dauphin. I did not omit to mention the costume in which his Majesty commanded me to paint them.

"I arrived here on the night of the 20th. On the 21st, Lord Granville wrote to the Baron de Damas, to acquaint him with it; and the short delay that has taken place was occasioned, I believe, by his Christian Majesty's hunting.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir William,

"Yours, &c.

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

With the late Dr. Gooch, Sir William was on terms of the greatest friendship. It had commenced at Edinburgh, when studying there together; and the very superior ability of Dr. Gooch was speedily discovered by a person of Sir William's discernment. Some years afterwards, he was by his advice induced to settle in London as a physician and accoucheur, where he was soon distinguished by his literary attainments, his successful practice, and the publication of some valuable works. Dr. Gooch's medical knowledge

and acquirements were so extensive, that, on withdrawing from professional avocations, Sir William was enabled with perfect confidence to recommend him as his successor; and he very rapidly succeeded in establishing himself in that full confidence and friendship of his patients with which his predecessor had been honoured. Unhappily, the extreme delicacy of his constitution after a time causing frequent interruptions to his health, obliged him to limit his practice, and to be occasionally absent from town. There are passages in Dr. Gooch's letters to Sir William which, independently of their connexion with the memoir, are interesting. They are generally without date; but those that follow are believed to have been written about this time.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"IF Lockhart does not call on you to-morrow morning, you may conclude, not that he is inattentive to your desire, but

that he is out of town. I have written to Mrs. L.

"You were remarking the other night, that light was created before the sun. This seems really the meaning of Scripture. Milton, in the beginning of the third book of his Paradise Lost, in his celebrated invocation to light, thus sings:

> 'Before the sun,
> Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
> Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
> The rising world of waters dark and deep,
> Won from the wide and formless infinite.'

St. John, too, in the last chapter but one of the Revelations, describes the New Jerusalem as illuminated without a sun. 'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; . . . there shall be no night there.' Rev. xxi. 23, 25.

"In the King's College there ought to be a professor of legal medicine or medical jurisprudence; and he ought to have at-

tached to his professorship an office as official referee in all trials which turn on medical evidence, instead of leaving the judge and jury to be misled by the opinion of inexperienced country apothecaries. If he had a seat in the House of Commons, he would occasionally prevent a great deal of nonsense being talked and time mispent. The Chancellor would then have an official adviser in lunatic cases.

"There is a complete system of theology by Dwight, formerly a professor in Yale College, Connecticut, which has been republished in this country in quarto, in octavo, in duodecimo, and in abridgment—under the title of 'Beauties of Dwight.' He was a very able and eloquent man; and although many of his discourses are uninteresting to any but a student of theology, yet there are many which must interest everybody. Amongst them there is one on the Resurrection,—not that of our Saviour, but that of the human race,

—in which an endeavour is made to delineate from Scripture testimony the future state of the happy—the remote consequences of death — the Resurrection. The Rev. Mr. Dealtry of Clapham, a most excellent and able man, put it into my hands as singularly interesting. It was lying on my table one day, when an elderly and thoughtful person took it up and read it; and when she came to the end, I heard her say to herself with a sigh, 'How comforting!'

"Ever affectionately yours,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

The following affecting passages are extracted from another letter of Dr. Gooch.

"I HAVE been very ill since I saw you, and feel myself of late much changed. I know, too, that my wasting lately has been progressive; and if I go on as I have done for the last month, I shall be past recovery, and past the power of taking a journey before the warm weather sets in.

"With my latest breath I shall feel to you, my dear friend, more unmingled feeling of esteem and affection than to any human being I have ever known. Although, I think a little worse and it will be all over with me, I must still think, act, and make arrangements on the supposition that I am to live. If, therefore, I am well enough a month or six weeks hence, I shall set out on my loitering tour, —my last hope."

FROM THE SAME.

"Richmond Hill, Bath, 6th Oct. 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"THE comfort and support which your kind visit to me in Berners-street afforded me I need not describe, for you saw it.

"Since I have been here, I have been drinking the waters and using the baths with all the humble docility of a patient who is anxious for health, and knows no-

thing of the uncertainty and inefficacy of medicine. I hope that Lady K., your family, and everything which concerns your happiness, are as you wish.

"With a degree of gratitude and affection which you who know the world will find it difficult to believe,

"I am,

"Dear Sir W.

"Ever yours,

"R. G."

On the 22nd of October 1825, a letter from Sir William shows him to be on the eve of another journey.

"Hanover Square.

"I WROTE to you a hasty letter yesterday; and I am afraid, with the exception of a few lines that I shall write you on Monday, when I come up again to town, this will be the last time I shall have the opportunity of writing previously to my leaving England.

"The elements of my happiness are in your health and that of my dear children. If that is interrupted, nothing can be satisfactory to my feelings. I conjure you, therefore, to take care of yourself. About my dearest children I need not say anything, as your attention is always safe; but I wish you would use the same care in all that relates to yourself. You should carefully guard against the severe cold that has so suddenly come upon us: in return for this, I will pay all attention to myself in my power, and that circumstances will permit.

"I hope to write you a line from Calais, if possible from Brussels, and also from Frankfort; but, after all, it will be difficult for me to promise anything until I get back to Paris. In a month from the time of my leaving England, write me a line *poste restante*, Paris. Give me no account of anything but what relates to your all being well, which I trust in God will be the case. I am sadly harassed

and fatigued, and dread this journey very much; but my health is better, and I hope, by attending carefully to my diet, I shall go on without interruption.

"If anything should unfortunately occur to detain me, do not forget to send poor Mrs. ——— her twenty pounds at Christmas, and the ten pounds as usual at that period.

"Kiss my dearest children. Kind remembrance to Miss M.

"Ever, &c.

"W. K."

A journal having been found of this tour, it is here introduced, in place of family letters.

"I left London on the night of the 24th of October 1825 for Vienna, arrived at Dover at seven, and embarked for Calais at nine; wind at N.W. and very fresh, which made the vessel roll very much. I was almost immediately ill. We landed in three hours; but I did not (as usual)

recover on the vessel's getting into harbour.

"We proceeded on our journey, and drank tea in the evening at Cassel. We travelled the whole of that night, breakfasted early in the morning at Tournay, and arrived at Brussels on the same day about four in the afternoon, where we dined and slept.

"The part of the country through which we have just passed is much improved in cultivation during the last year. The houses in the different towns are beginning to assume more of comfort and cleanliness; the desolation of war and thoughtless unsettledness are gradually passing away; every house appears more like the decided habitation of a family looking forward to settled tranquillity. The female works in the garden and field with industrious alacrity, because she is aided in the occupation by her father, brother, or husband.

"From Brussels we passed on rapidly

to Liege, travelled all night, and slept at Coblentz. This, with the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, is one of the strongest places, perhaps, in the world, and must ever dispute the passage of the Rhine. It has all the appearance of being impregnable. On the following morning we made our way along the banks of the Rhine to Mayence: nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery. About three posts from Coblentz, on the banks of the Rhine, there seems a quiet little inn. I mention this for future consideration, if I should again pass this way with my dear family. We dined at Mayence, and the same night reached Frankfort about nine o'clock. The White Bush was full, but the Hôtel d'Angleterre was a good substitute. This is the proper inn for families.

"I proceeded on the morning of the 30th of October to Hamburgh to see the Landgravine (the Princess Elizabeth). I was received with kindness and distinc-

tion, being a welcome visitor. In an hour or two I returned to Frankfort, the Landgrave kindly walking himself to the end of the little town to see me into the carriage.

"On Monday the 31st I continued my journey; entered Bavaria; dined at a little inn by the road-side, very poor and wretched. Breakfasted the next day *à la fourchette* at Nuremburgh;—the Duchess of Lucca expected. Slept that night at a wretched inn, and the next night at Ratisbonne.

"The country of Bavaria through which we have hitherto passed is very diversified and agreeable in point of scenery. There are immense forests, consisting principally of beech. The inhabitants seem harmless and industrious, quiet and civil in their manners, slow in their occupations, and gradually emerging from barbarism. They still adhere to their costumes, each province having a fashion of its own. Their principal drink is beer; but they appear

to smoke less than in that part of Germany belonging to the Prussian dominions. I understand in Bavaria the Protestant and Roman Catholic religion is more diffused conjointly than in Austria, and that this has much arisen from the wise and prudent toleration of the late king, who was much beloved throughout the country.

"The road which I have taken is the most direct to Vienna; but the route usually followed by travellers is through Munich and Stuttgard."

The following kind letter from his Majesty was received by Sir William while on his journey.

FROM THE KING.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I HAVE so little to say since your departure from hence, that it is scarcely

worth while troubling you with a line even now, especially as in the course of a few days I look for your reappearance, except to acknowledge and to thank you for the short epistle I received from you, dated Frankfort.

"Tranquillity, I am sure you will be pleased to learn, has in general been the order of the day since you left us. However, there have been, and I am fearful that they are still existing, some difficulties and misunderstandings in the final arrangement of that business which has caused you so much trouble and anxiety, and which at present do, and which, I fear, will still procrastinate the final adjustment until you return.

"It is impossible to detail to you what cavillings there have been, and what strange crotchets have started up, and sometimes seemingly upon the merest trifles, among the lawyers, and indeed pretty much all the parties concerned; such immensity of talking backwards and

forwards, here and there,—the mistake of a sentence, and even of a single word,—all which creates delays; and even if there be the possibility of correcting it and setting it to rights again afterwards, I think but little progress has yet been made; and I see the impracticability, and next to the impossibility of its being brought to any final issue, until the moment of your return, when by your good and kind advice it may in all likelihood be ultimately settled.

"You, I am confident, will understand all this without the necessity of any further explanation on my part, especially as they, I know, are at this very moment in the act of writing to you; so probably they may enter into some further details.

"As to bodily health, I am certainly not as well as I ought to be, although I complain but little, which you are well aware is generally the case with me; but as to that which is more and most essential, (as it is the main-spring to every-

thing, and the only security for health,) the state of my mind and my feelings, I shall reserve all I have to say till next we meet.

"Now, then, God bless you, dear friend; and believe me always affectionately yours,

"G. R."

"Royal Lodge, Nov. 15th, 1825."

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter from the King to Sir William Knighton.—Letters from Sir Walter Scott.—Sir William on another Journey. —Memorandum of his route.—Letter from Sir David Wilkie.—Letters from the King, the Bishop of Chichester, the Duke of York, and Mr. Canning.

At Christmas, after this long journey, Sir William was enjoying the happiness and comfort of the society of his family in the country, when an express arrived to summon him to Windsor. It will be seen, however, by his Majesty's letter, that it was a case of necessity only which obliged his kind master reluctantly to interfere at such a moment.

FROM THE KING.

" DEAR FRIEND,

" I WRITE a few lines in great haste to request that you will be with me here at an early hour to-morrow morning. You may depend upon it, that if it were not for matters of considerable moment, I would not break in upon the few moments of peaceful enjoyment with your family which you allow yourself, and it is therefore with sincere regret that I feel myself under the necessity of doing so upon the present occasion. However, you may assure Lady Knighton and your family from me, that four-and-twenty hours, I hope, will be the utmost extent of time of which they will be deprived of your society. The matter is too big with a variety and combination of matters not to require without the loss of a moment your presence, and your best advice and assist-

ance. I have not time to add another word, but that I am always

"Affectionately yours,

"G. R."

"Royal Lodge, Dec. 28th.
Two o'clock P.M. 1825."

The following letters from the late Sir Walter Scott will not be perused without interest.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HAVE a circumstance to mention which concerns myself only, and therefore would be most unworthy of being mentioned to his Majesty, were it not that as his Majesty has distinguished me by elevating my rank in society, I conceive his goodness will be gratified by knowing that the approaching marriage of my eldest son to a very amiable young lady, with a considerable fortune, promises to enable those who may follow me to support suitably the mark of honour which his Majesty has conferred on me.

"The lady's independent fortune is so far very valuable to me, that it permits my son to marry before my death, and gives me permission, if it please God, to look a generation further into futurity: but these would be of little consequence, were I not satisfied, as I have every reason to be, with the good sense and amiable qualities of my future daughter, and my son pleased with her person and accomplishments.

"I can only add to these uninteresting details, that my son's bride is named Miss Jobson of Lock, which she soon exchanges for the more chivalrous name (if I may be allowed to say so) which his Majesty lately distinguished with a baronetcy. I hope those who may succeed to that honour may always remember by whom it was conferred, and be ready to serve their sovereign by word, and pen, and sword, when wanted.

"Pray suppress this letter, if the communication be assuming too much upon his Majesty's encouraging goodness. I am

sure the intelligence will be gratifying to you personally, even if it is not proper to carry it elsewhere.

"I have the honour to be,
"Dear Sir William,
"Your most faithful
"and obedient servant,
"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, 21st Jan. 1825."

"Perhaps I ought to add, that my son, who is warmly attached to his profession, is to continue in the army, and the young lady, though brought up in the character of an only child, has taken up the old ditty,

'Mount and go,—mount and make ready,—
Mount and go, and be a soldier's lady.'

So they set off to join the fifteenth hussars in Ireland, so soon as circumstances will permit."

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

"January 25th, 1825.

"DEAR SIR WALTER,

"I AM honoured with the commands of the King to convey to you his Majesty's very kind regards, and to express the pleasure his Majesty feels at any circumstance that can add to your own personal happiness, or assist in securing the general welfare and prosperity of your family.

"His Majesty was graciously pleased to observe, that your own genius, so distinguished and so remarkable, would shed a never-fading lustre on that hereditary rank which his Majesty hopes your son will live both to honour and to enjoy."

"To Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"A VERY ingenious young artist of Edinburgh, Mr. Lizars, the engraver, having made rather an interesting selection

of subjects in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, has formed the ambitious wish of inscribing it to his Majesty, but has first sent a copy to be placed on the Royal library table, that if his Majesty should cast an eye upon it, he may consider whether the work deserves such high encouragement. Chantrey, who was with us a few days since, thinks very well of the book.

"As to the printed part of the work, I have only had time to glance at it hastily; but it seems a judicious compilation.

"I hope this will find his Majesty in good health, and presume to request, that if you think this matter worthy of being mentioned to the King, you will at the same time place my humble and grateful duty at his Majesty's feet.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir William,

"Always your most obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, 25th May."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I RECEIVED with much sense of gratitude your kind letter, which I shall consider as confidential, and wait the result of your kindness and Mr. Canning's friendly recollection till an opportunity offers. I shall take care in the mean time that Charles attends to his general studies, which have been somewhat neglected during the reading for his examination at Oxford. It will certainly be my greatest pride to find him in every respect worthy of the distinguished kindness you have shown to him.

"I caused a copy of my attempt at a Life of Napoleon to be laid on the table of his Majesty's library; but I did not write to you at the time, because I was afraid you might think that my doing so might be deemed an indirect way of *poking* your kindness, which I know requires no importunity of mine. My daughter Sophia, who is with us just now, has been

much shocked at the death of poor Dr. Shaw, who had, I think, been a friend of yours.

"When it can be properly done, I request you will place my humble and grateful duty at his Majesty's feet.

"I am always,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged

"and faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Abbotsford, Melrose, 30th July."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE somewhat intruded on his Majesty's condescension through your obliging channel, when anything occurred in literature which was worthy (at least seemed to me worthy) his Majesty's royal attention or patronage. But the present is a very remarkable case indeed, and makes part of a great change which is about to take place in Britain, and which sooner or later will work great conse-

quences for good and evil. The general pains which have been bestowed on the education of the poor begins to have a general effect upon the nation at large; for folks who read are naturally as desirous to have books, as folks who have appetites are to procure food. In both cases it is of consequence that wholesome and nourishing diet be placed within the reach of those who are hungry, otherwise they will be willing to eat trash and poison.

"Our great publisher in Scotland has formed a plan which, though intended for his profit in the first instance, cannot, I think, but have the best possible effect in supplying this new and extended demand for literature among the lower classes, by reprinting at a moderate rate, and selling at a low profit, a great number of the most standard English works both in history, in the belles lettres, as well as in science, and in the department of voyages and travels, natural history, and so forth.

The object is generally to place the best and soundest works of every kind within the reach of the lower classes, whose shelves will be otherwise unquestionably filled with that sort of trash which is peculiarly dangerous both to their morals as men and their loyalty as subjects. The publisher, who is one of the most sagacious men I know in such matters, considers this not unjustly as a great national work, and is naturally desirous to place it under the most exalted patronage.

"If I may presume to express an opinion, I do think that a work likely to be spread so widely among his Majesty's subjects, and calculated to place useful information within their reach, may not ungracefully be placed under his Majesty's immediate protection. I think I can pledge myself that the selection of works in this extensive miscellany will be such as to turn men's minds into such a channel as may render the power of reading a blessing, and without which it may very

well turn out a curse to themselves and the State. It is not the power of reading, but the character of the works which are read, that is to form the advantage derived from general education. I enclose a prospectus of the work, and a letter from Constable, which I would beg you to take the trouble of considering.

"I have only to add, that this popular miscellany is to be cheap indeed, but yet handsomely and correctly printed,—the bookseller trusting for his profit to the quantity sold. The present prospect seems to intimate that it will be immense.

"I spent a part of this fine summer in Ireland, and have returned delighted with that warm-hearted and hospitable country. Whatever people may say, its grievances are fast abating. Much English capital has been introduced of late years; the new cabins are more decent than the old ones; and the dress of the younger people does not exhibit such a variety of patchwork as that of the true old Mi-

lesian. I went through the greater part of the island, and saw much ground which might rival any part of England in wealth, and much scenery which might vie with any part of Scotland in picturesque beauty; and the inhabitants, from the peer to the peasant, are certainly the kindest people in the world.

"May I request you to place my most humble duty at his Majesty's feet? and believe me, my dear sir,

"Your most obedient,

"Very faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Abbotsford, Melrose, 30th October."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"THIS letter accompanies a copy of a most valuable Scottish history, or rather memoirs, by Sir James Melville, which has been lately published for the first time from the original copy in the author's manuscript, by a society here, called the Bannatyne Club, of which I am the un-

worthy president. The object is, besides eating a good dinner and consuming a little champagne and claret once or twice a-year, to publish, from manuscripts or rare printed volumes, such works as seem to throw light on the history, manners, and literature of Scotland. Perhaps his Majesty, who has always taken such an interest in the poor old North, may not be displeased to see what we are attempting in that way; and the Club would be too proud to have the permission to place one of their volumes from time to time on the library table at Windsor. When I said, we *publish*, I used an improper expression: the works are in general thrown off only for private distribution, and a few public libraries.

"I hope in the course of a few days to destine for his Majesty's library-table some other volumes, for the errors of which I alone am responsible.

"The young person of whom I spoke to you when I had the honour to be at the

Royal Lodge last year has now taken his bachelor's degree at college (Brazen-nose), and, with a good reputation at the University, is now about to start in life. My great object would be to get him into one of the public offices until he should be better acquainted than he is at present with modern languages. He could live with his sister and Lockhart, as my family are all much attached to each other, and, I hope, would be found capable of doing his duty in any department where he might be placed, as he is a well-principled lad, as well as good-looking, smart, and clever. You were so kind as to say you would take some interest in this to me most important matter, which will remove the only anxious thoughts I entertain on the part of my family. My eldest son likes his profession (the army), and has a good property. My eldest daughter is married to Lockhart, who is known to you, and happy as far as mutual affection can render them so. My second daughter keeps

my house; and there is no one but poor Charles whom I have left to be anxious about. My old friend Lord Dudley would be perhaps not averse to receive my son into his department; but as you, my dear Sir William, have been so kind as to give the matter some consideration, I will make no other application until I have your opinion.

"May I presume to offer my most humble duty and homage to his Majesty? I hope, among the various and multiplied business with which he has been of late overwhelmed, his Majesty's usual good health has not suffered.

"My dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged

"and faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I ENCLOSE my young student's letter. The manuscript is, I think, of a kind which may be speedily mended by atten-

tion. His talents are very good, his manners and personal appearance pleasing, and his temper and disposition excellent. You will have the goodness to observe that he expects to take his degree in May; and I suppose a few months on the Continent would be necessary to give him facility in speaking and writing French and German: he is well grounded in the former language. It is my earnest wish to see him engaged in the public service; but should an employment in any of the offices be more easily attained than anything in the diplomatic line, I should be equally pleased. He would have his sister's house to reside in, and be therefore free from the temptations arising out of idleness and want of society. He has also a strong bias towards literature, and may, I think, prove useful upon those occasions when the efforts of literary men are supposed to have some effect on public opinion. I am, however, only speaking of a very young man, as he has not completed

his twentieth year. We are much more indifferent about the immediate advantages which Charles may derive from any situation for which he may be found competent, than that he should be placed, if possible, in a line where faithful services may open the way to future preferment.

"Of course my letter announced to him nothing but that a friend of mine was in hopes to find an opening for him when he should have obtained his degree.

"Lord Granville and his lady were most attentive to my daughter and me while in Paris, where we spent a few days very pleasantly, thanks to the friends who recommended us.

"I presume to place my dutiful and most respectful homage at the feet of our gracious Master. Whatever I see of other countries and sovereigns makes me more attached to my own, where we possess such advantages, if we knew how to prize them. Pardon this letter: the subject, you well know, is a most interesting one to a father,

and you will therefore make some allowance for my anxiety.

"I am ever,

"My dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged

"and faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"25, Pall-mall, 12th November."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I WAS yesterday honoured with a letter from Lord Dudley, intimating that his Majesty had condescended in the most gracious manner to intimate his pleasure to his lordship that my son Charles should be provided for in the Foreign Office. It would be difficult for me to express how much I am penetrated by his Majesty's goodness in so graciously deigning to relieve my anxiety on account of this young man. But it is but one link in so long a chain of favours by which it has pleased his Majesty to honour me, and for which I can only offer my devoted gratitude to his

Royal person. When it may be fitting to trouble his Majesty on so slight a subject, I will trust, my dear Sir William, to your kindness to put my grateful acknowledgments at his feet.

"I am very happy Lord Dudley is the agent through whom his Majesty's protection is to operate in the young man's favour. I knew his lordship pretty familiarly six or seven years before Charles was born. We have always kept up a friendly intercourse; and obeying his Majesty's commands, as he would have done in every case with alacrity, I have little doubt that he will take some personal interest in the lad for old friendship's sake. I shall be very well pleased if the vacancy does not occur till he has been to make himself a thorough French scholar, and has gained some acquaintance with the other modern languages of Europe, especially German. He is at present labouring hard; and, being a good general grammarian, I hope he may not altogether dis-

grace the high and distinguished patronage under which it is his good fortune to enter life.

"To yourself, my dear Sir William, I beg to express my best and most grateful thanks, and wish I had some better mode of showing how much I am,

"Dear sir,

"Your obliged and grateful

"friend and servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"I am much grieved to say that our friend the Lord Chief Commissioner is suffering much under a failure of his eyesight, but keeps up his excellent spirits even under such a severe and, I fear, an increasing affliction."

"Edinburgh, 2nd December."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I WAS honoured with your letter this morning, which, I own, relieved me from the unpleasing doubt whether I might not have gone beyond my province in commu-

nicating to you for his Majesty's consideration the subject of my last. I am sure I would rather lose my little fortune than submit anything of the kind to his Majesty without the most attentive consideration to its consequences.

" Whether the plan of education be not somewhat extended beyond the ranks to which it is most useful, is a subject of great doubt. But, being so extended, the increased number of readers must have good books, of sound principle and standard merit, otherwise they will choose bad ones rather than go without; and then the boon of knowledge will be just on a par with that language as expressed by Caliban,

> ' You taught me language, and my profit on't
> Is—I know how to curse.'

" I enclose the first perfect copy of the first number of the work, which is nearly ready for the public. I also enclose a proposed dedication for the consideration of his Majesty, in which I have endeavoured

to express, in as few words as possible, the reason why a work of the kind, so devoid of typographical splendour (although neat for the price), should be adorned with his Majesty's name. I made Constable transcribe it fairly, but without telling him more than that it might be well to have a scrawl in readiness, in case his application should be honoured with his Majesty's approbation.

"His Majesty will not perhaps hear with entire indifference that my son-in-law, John Lockhart, has been tempted to change his views in this country, in order to become editor of the Quarterly Review. The talents which have been thought worthy of this trust are pretty generally admitted; and I can answer for his possessing that love of his Majesty's government and devotion to his person which are the best warrants for exercising the power now lodged in his hands in a proper manner. It is a great qualifying of the pleasure which I should feel on the

occasion, that I must be deprived of my daughter's society, as they must of course reside in London.

"I pray you, my dear Sir William, to make my most respectful duty acceptable to his Majesty, and

"I am, with much regard,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your most obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"The Chief Commissioner has borne his great family loss with much firmness."

"Edinburgh, 7th December."

TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE IV.
The generous Patron
even of the most humble attempts
towards the advantage of his subjects,
THE MISCELLANY,
designed to extend Useful Knowledge
and Elegant Literature,
by placing Works of standard merit
within the attainment of every class of
Readers,
is most humbly inscribed
by his Majesty's
humble and devoted servant,
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

Edinburgh, December 1825.

From the following letter to his second daughter, we find Sir William, accompanied by his son, on another journey, to which is added a memorandum of his route.

"Frankfort, 10th July, 1826.

"I WRITE to you from hence, because I know how delighted you will be to hear that we are quite well. If your dearest mother and Dora are still at Blendworth, give them my affectionate love; but we suppose that by this time they are setting off, or are at Paris. We expect to find them at the Hôtel Bourbon, Rue Rivoli, where we engaged apartments for them. This I write to you, my dear child, lest they should not have set off. I wrote your mamma a very long letter about this at Paris, which I hope she received. William reminds you that this is the place where Miss M. was born.

"Ever, my dearest, &c.

"W. K."

"I LEFT England, accompanied by my dear boy, July the 3rd, 1826, for the purpose of proceeding to Paris, and from thence to Berlin. My passage across the Channel was most prosperous,—two hours and forty minutes. Rignol, of the Hôtel Bourbon, met us as usual. We proceeded after dinner, about three, on our journey, and slept that night at Montreuil, where we arrived at eleven. We started at four the next morning; breakfasted at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Abbeville, the most clean and comfortable hotel in France; arrived at Beauvais, and dined; travelled all night; arrived at the Hôtel de Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix, about five in the morning, rested ourselves a few hours, and proceeded on business.

"On the 7th we set out for Berlin. On our arrival, the Duke of Cumberland was at Mecklenburg Strelitz. Mr. Jelf, the gentleman who went from England as private tutor to Prince George, is a man of great learning and acquirements. We

saw the palace of Sans-Souci, and the new palace, as it is called, built by Frederick the Great. The kingdom of Prussia might be regarded as a field of soldiers, and this particular form of human nature, to look at, seems to be brought to a great degree of perfection. But what is this perfection? A machine without a mind,—an animal without one application of thought either in relation to this world or that which is to come. It is a uniform in the form of a man moving to and fro, for the purpose of demonstrating to the other barbarians of the North that it is capable and has the power of resistance. This is a wretched state; but it is so, and is one of the many proofs of the power of Satanic influence on earth; for take an army of one hundred thousand men, and what will be found but the existence of an evil spirit, leading them to swear and blaspheme throughout their lives as if every action of their very existence depended on themselves?

"We saw the picture-gallery at Potsdam, which contains a very fine collection of Rubens's pictures, many of which, on Buonaparte's entering Berlin, were sent to Paris; but they have since been restored, as well as the two horses (statuary) which form the Brandenburg gate. The palace of Sans-Souci is certainly extraordinary, as is also the new palace; but they both want grandeur and situation. We saw the dining-room where Voltaire, d'Alembert, and others used to dine with Frederick."

Early in this year, 1826, Sir William received the following interesting letter from the present Sir David, then Mr. Wilkie, an artist as celebrated in most parts of the Continent by the diffusion and beauty of the prints from his pictures, as in his own country.

" Rome, Poste-restante,
January 24th, 1826.

" DEAR SIR,

" You did me the honour to request that I would write to you while on my travels; a request that gives me a privilege, but imposes on you a task, there being a greater danger of saying too much than too little upon such themes as Rome and Italy.

" Health, as you know, was the object of my journey. This, if at all, recovers but slowly; but, imposing no restriction except abstinence, and forbidding no labour but study, it leaves one in full strength for all that can be witnessed or enjoyed in that land of art, — consoled that, but for this interruption, grievous as it may be to my prospects and occupations at home, I might never have seen Italy, or seen it when too late.

" In Paris, after being detained for six weeks by unavailing medical experiments, I proceeded through France and Switzer-

land, whence crossing the Alps by that wonder of wonders the route of Mount Simplon, I soon found myself among those scenes which present so many subjects of interest to the artist.

"At Milan, the public gallery had lost much by the absence of its best works, formerly taken to Paris, and there still remaining. The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, at the Dominican convent, would, however, in its best times, have made ample amends; but here Time has been even more unsparing than is his wont,—a shadow is all that remains of this great work, and that so faint, that even the substance of the original paint has become a question, whether fresco or oil; but to show the immortality of mind, when it does exist in a picture, over the frail material in which it is embodied, this masterpiece still lives in our copy at Somerset-house, and on its very ruin has been revived, and its fame spread abroad by the admirable engraving of Morghen.

"Leaving Milan, my route lay through Genoa, and by the coast of the Mediterranean over the Apennines to Pisa, to see the early works in the Campo Santo; thence to Florence, where a rich treat detained me for a month. The public gallery here had retrieved the Venus de Medici, with the Venus of Titian; and the Palazzo Pitti of the Grand Duke is enriched by seventy-three pictures, thought worthy to be carried to Paris, and of being restored at the last peace. Besides these, in this birth-place and early school of modern art, a class of works by its revivers, whom our friend Northcote used to talk of with much respect, interested me greatly. The pictures of Cimabue and Giotto, humble almost as those of the Chinese, had yet the living principle of expression and of thought, which, with their artless composition, wanting light and shadow, foreshortening and perspective, still enabled them to interest the noblest feelings and affections of men; and as the art grew,

and in the hands of their more accomplished successors was practised with more skill, has conferred upon it a dignity that has raised the Italian school above all others.

"But it is in Rome that the arts have reached their zenith; and here, though at the further risk of tiring you, I must still intrude upon you my impressions on viewing the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Much as I had heard of disappointment, at first sight, I was only impressed with this feeling by their approach to decay. They are not so well preserved as the cartoons at Hampton-court; yet, withal, the divine Raphael, though wanting his original brightness, is he whom all admire and all would imitate. His School of Athens for purity of design, and his Heliodorus for richness of colour, have by none been surpassed.

"But far less popular are the gigantic labours of Michael Angelo. These, with his high fame, are to the common observer

an enigma. His Last Judgment on the ceiling of the Capella Sistina, dulled by smoke and time, is lost in a prevailing greyness. The Sibyls, the inspired Isaiah, and whole passages in the lower compartments of the Judgment, are replete with the highest qualities; and, for style relief, and expression of deep thought, are known to have given a new impulse to Raphael; and, in latter times, to have drawn forth the dying eulogium of Reynolds: an eulogium of which no one can doubt the sincerity who has seen these works, evincing as they do a style of sentiment, and even of colour, reminding one of some of Reynolds's happiest efforts.

"Still Michael Angelo, celebrated as he is, is the only master whose works no one here dares to imitate,—here where the most opposite modes of study are to be found. Germans, with more of the devotion of a sect than of a school, have attracted much attention by reverting to

the beginning of art, and by studying Raphael's master rather than Raphael, in hopes that, going over the same course, they may from Pietro Perugino attain all the excellence of his great scholar. These artists, among whom the most zealous are Fyght, Shaddow, Schnore, and Overlach, in their works display with much of the dryness of Albert Durer, great talent, and a strong feeling for expression, and with this early style have had the merit of reviving its accompaniment, the long-lost art of fresco painting, in which manner they have painted several apartments in Rome with scriptural and poetical subjects, and, though discarding almost all the modern embellishments and the usual means of obtaining popularity, are not without admirers and patrons. The present King of Bavaria, it is said, has, since his accession, employed one of them, named Cornelius, to decorate in fresco one of the halls of his palace.

"Seeing, as I do here, the great works

produced in the best times in fresco, with the efforts these students are making upon the same ground, I cannot help wondering that no attempt has been made by any English artist to introduce it into our own country,—why such as Barry, West, or Northcote never tried it. The climate, they say, is adverse; but the altar-piece in fresco of Chelsea College chapel, by Marco Ricci, is still fresh after one hundred years.* Besides the space it allows, fresco has many advantages over oil for the comprehensive illustration of great events, and for the display of the higher qualities of the art; and amongst the various luxuries the wealth of England is daily calling forth, who knows but this sort of decoration, so befitting the buildings of a great country, may not be one of them?

"But to you, engaged as you daily are with objects and events hereafter to become matter of national history, these no-

* This has since been ascertained to be in oil, and not in fresco.—D. W.

tions of a humble artist at this distance will appear uninteresting; and though, with your comprehensive knowledge and taste, it is probable that, if time and leisure allowed, your mind would be occupied with similar pursuits, I still fear that in such details I have trespassed greatly upon your indulgence and time. Allow me only to say, that if there be anything I can do, command me. I remain here three months.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"Dear sir,

"With high esteem and regard,

"Your very faithful and obliged servant,

"DAVID WILKIE."

The latter portion of the following letter from the King, relative to O'Keeffe the dramatist, demonstrates his Majesty's munificence and benevolence of heart.

FROM THE KING.

"January 1826.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"MANY thanks to you for your letter, just received. Inclosed, and unsealed, I send you a short note of thanks for Robinson, which, after you have read, you will be so good as to seal and forward to him. Cathcart's paper I also return you, properly signed.

"With respect to Munster's re-despatching the quarterly messenger to Hanover on the 25th of this month, as he proposes, I can only say at present, that he may prepare him eventually for such departure, if such things as I shall have to send abroad by him shall be ready, (and which I hope they will by that day,) but that, should they not, he must positively await my further orders. Amongst the rest of the articles which I shall have to send by him are the complete set of Handel's

scores and works for the King of Prussia, now binding, which I must beg of you to look after, and to see yourself carefully, properly, and safely packed up, and then to be simply addressed, 'Pour Sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse;' and the outward cover, 'For H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, K.G. Berlin.'

"With your usual precaution, celerity, and zeal, you seem to have carried, and settled to my entire comfort and satisfaction, all the necessary and essential points respecting Windsor Castle and the King's Palace, as well as what to me is almost equally agreeable (as you state it) to the quietude and gratification of poor little Nash's feelings.

"A little charitable impulse induces me to desire you to inquire into the distressed circumstances of poor old O'Keeffe, now ninety years of age and stone-blind, whom I knew a little of formerly, having occasionally met him at parties of my juvenile recreation and hilarity, to

which he then contributed not a little. Should you really find him so low in the world, and so divested of all comfort, as he is represented to be, then I do conceive that there can be no objection to your offering him, from me, such immediate relief, or such a moderate annual stipend, as will enable him to close his hitherto long life in comfort, at any rate free from want and absolute beggary, which I greatly fear at present is but too truly his actual condition and situation. Perhaps on many accounts and reasons, which I am sure I need not mention to you, this had best be effectuated by an immediate application through you to our lively little friend G. Colman, whose good heart will, I am certain, lead him to give us all the assistance he can, especially as it is for the preservation of one of his oldest invalided brothers and worshippers of the Thespian muse.

"G. R."

FROM THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

" Chichester, Jan. 22, 1826.

" MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

" THE instant our service was over this morning, I hastened to communicate to poor O'Keeffe the gratifying intelligence of his Majesty's bounty and munificence towards him. I cannot describe the gratitude and feeling with which he endeavoured to utter the language of his heart at so unlooked-for a mark of royal beneficence, nor can I adequately speak of the fervour he evinced in blessing his benefactor.

" With a truly honourable feeling, however, he desired me to communicate to you, for the information of his Majesty, that in the year 1808 a pension was granted to him by the Lords of the Treasury of one hundred pounds per annum, which

he still enjoys; and he stated that he had twenty-seven pounds a year more, which he had been enabled to purchase in the funds from the produce of a benefit at one of the theatres a few years since. His Majesty's bounty, he added, would enable him to lay up a little store for an only daughter, who has been the solace and comfort of his declining years; but he almost doubted whether he could venture to hope it might be continued when his circumstances were known.

"The daughter, who is about fifty, is a most amiable and exemplary person. She devotes her whole time to her father, who is now in his eightieth year and quite blind. You may probably remember a work published some years since, called 'Patriarchal Times,' of which she was the authoress: it was at the time universally read and admired.

"O'Keeffe resides in a very small house in the suburbs of the city, which he and

his daughter have occupied for eleven years; they are much respected and esteemed.

"Believe me,

"My dear Sir William,

"Yours very faithfully,

"R. J. CHICHESTER."

FROM THE DUKE OF YORK.

"Belvoir Castle, Feb. 28, 1826.

"MANY thanks, dear Sir William, for your kind note and friendly attention in informing me of the real state of his Majesty's health. I should indeed have been dreadfully alarmed if I had heard of the attack in his stomach and bowels without knowing its real extent; for, besides that sincere and strong affection which I ever must bear towards him as a kind brother with whom I was brought up from my tenderest youth, believe me I am a most loyal subject, and that he has not in all

his dominions any one who more ardently prays for the health and continuation of the life of his Majesty.

"It will, I know, please him to hear that I certainly am upon the whole better for the quiet life, the air and gentle exercise, which I have enjoyed since I have been here; and I have no doubt, if I have no fresh check, that in a short time my health will be restored. I have found also the poor Duke of Rutland much better both in health and spirits than when I left him a week ago, and I really feel that he only now requires a change of scene, which may to a degree amuse and give a little turn to his thoughts, for him to recover, at least in a degree, from his present state of distress.

"Ever, dear Sir William,

"Yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK."

FROM THE DUKE OF YORK.

"South Audley Street, March 3, 1826.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"ACCEPT my best thanks for your kind letter, with its enclosure. By that I am rejoiced to learn so good an account of his Majesty, and that the exertion of the day before yesterday has not been attended by any unpleasant consequences.

"Pray present my duty to his Majesty, and assure him of the sincere satisfaction that I have derived from the comfortable report of him which, thank God, you are enabled to make.

"I returned here last night at seven o'clock, having been only twelve hours upon the road, with the full intention of attending the Covent Garden Fund dinner; but Sir Henry Halford called upon me after his return from the Lodge this morning, and inveighed so strongly against the risk I should run, that I have been

under the necessity of giving it up. I have, however, taken care to deliver myself his Majesty's gracious donation to the Fund, which you inclosed to me, into the hands of Mr. Fawcett, who happened to call upon me.

"In regard to my health, I feel certainly considerably better in every respect for the few days which I have passed at Belvoir, and which has put me quite in heart about myself,—so much so, that I am convinced a short time will set me up again.

"Ever, dear Sir William,

"Yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK."

The following letters, received about this period, it is presumed will be read with an interest proportionable to the high rank and distinguished character of the personages by whom they were written.

FROM MR. CANNING.

"F. O. March 14th, 1826,
"half-past eleven P. M.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"WHAT I have to send to the King to-night is not worth a messenger: but I send a messenger, that I may have the better chance of an early report of his Majesty's state from you to-morrow. That which I found on my table on my return home from the House, though you have guarded it most carefully, disquiets me, I confess, to a very painful degree. May God prosper your care and anxiety for the preservation of a life which was never more precious than at this moment.

"I see you do not speak of calling in Dr. T., and therefore I hope you feel that he is not wanted.

"Good night.

"Most sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

FROM THE SAME.

"F. O. March 17th, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I RECEIVED your letter just before I went down to the House; and an infinite comfort it was to me during the six mortal hours of dulness that I had to pass there.

"The King will perhaps take an interest in hearing how well we are advanced in the public business of the session. In fact, if we get through the Irish Estimates, as I hope we shall, before the holidays, Parliament will be in our power whenever dissolution may be thought advisable.

"There is a mail to-day from Lisbon, which gives a detailed account of the almost fatal illness of the King of Portugal.

"I have thought it best not to let the

despatches be sent to his Majesty to-day. If his Majesty reads the newspapers, I fear the precaution may be useless. The despatches, therefore, shall be sent to-morrow; but you will judge (being aware of their contents) at what moment it may be proper to lay them before his Majesty.

"Ever, my dear sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING.

"P.S.—My messenger is directed to wait your orders.

"Pray send back to me any King's boxes that you may have at the Lodge unemployed."

"F. O. March 28, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"WITH this letter goes the paper which the King desired to be copied for his Majesty's private use.

"I am just setting off for Bath—with a good conscience, having so cleared off the arrears accruing during Parliament time,

that I believe I do not owe a despatch in any part of the world; and if I did, I have not a messenger left by whom to send one. I am assured, however, that the well, though now pumped dry, will fill again by the time of my return to town on Friday.

"I propose being at the Castle, at Salt Hill, on Thursday evening.

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING.

"P.S.—As his Majesty has found his hand, could you not submit for his Majesty's signature some of the Treasury warrants? This is not my business, otherwise than as the whole race of office-men look to the 5th of April, and will look in vain unless there be a Royal signature before that day to some one of the papers or parchments, I do not rightly know which.

"G. C."

"F. O. March 31, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I TOLD you the 'well would fill again' during my short absence from town. On my return, I find arrivals from Lisbon and from Petersburgh, the latter so voluminous that, as I am quite sure his Majesty could not undertake to go through them immediately, I think it best to have copies taken of them before I send them to his Majesty, and he may then keep them to read quite at his leisure. They appear, on a cursory glance, (for I have not yet gone through the half of them,) rather less pacific than the first reports led us to hope.

"The Lisbon despatches I send. They are comparatively short, and very satisfactory. Perhaps his Majesty might find leisure to read them, and send them back to-morrow.

"In any case, pray get me, if you can, an answer to a letter which I send in a separate box, requesting his Majesty's

pleasure as to the mourning for the King of Portugal. It ought, if possible, to be announced in the Gazette to-morrow.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, March 18th, 1826,
TWO P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOURS of yesterday was brought to me by the faithful and attached Marable, which very much relieved my heavy heart. I had been made very miserable by what I learned from the Duchess of Gloucester, who is most tenderly attached, as you know, to the King. But your letter, both on public and private grounds, was received at a most fortunate moment. It gave me spirits to go to the dinner, and it also enabled me to assure a very large assembly of the King's being better, and of the Sovereign's gracious remembrance,

even under indisposition, of his Irish subjects. I need hardly add the manner in which the King's health was drunk. Indeed, your observations are most just, that his Majesty, under all circumstances, is ever alive to charity.

"The latter part of your letter was the matter of comfort to me, and I trust in God the next accounts will continue to be those of glad tidings.

"To your superior and cool judgment I leave the proper moment of expressing to his Majesty how anxiously and sincerely I feel for what my brother has gone through, and my warmest wishes for the speedy and perfect recovery of one so justly and so long dear to me.

"Once more, God grant you may have but good news to send me of the King; and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours most truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

" Fife House, April 25, 1826.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I HAVE received your letter, and I will request of you to present my humble duty to his Majesty, and to assure him how sensible I am of his kind consideration and goodness in permitting the last plan to be adopted in respect to the ground of Carlton House, which Sir Charles Long was desired to lay before his Majesty. I am fully persuaded, from all I have heard, that this gracious decision of his Majesty will relieve his government from serious difficulties.

" I will not fail to obey his Majesty's commands in directing that the original plan shall be kept in the Office of Woods and Forests, as a record of his Majesty's intentions for the benefit of the public.

" I am, with great truth,

" My dear sir,

" Your very faithful, humble servant,

" LIVERPOOL."

"Coombe Wood, August 12, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I LEARNT with great regret last night from your letter, for which I am very much obliged to you, that his Majesty had been attacked by a violent spasm in his stomach. As, however, his Majesty was better, and intended dining in company, I will hope that the attack will pass away without any farther consequences.

"I have executed his Majesty's commands respecting the vacant blue ribbon, and the lieutenancy of the county of Rutland.

"I am going at the end of next week upon an excursion for a fortnight, to return when the Cabinet reassembles on the 5th of September. I should be glad to see you for a few minutes before my departure. I shall be in town on Tuesday, and disengaged about one o'clock; but I should be happy to see you here, if you could make it convenient to dine and

sleep here on Wednesday, and you would meet Mr. Canning.

"I am glad to find that the result of your visit to Berlin has been satisfactory.

"I am, with great truth,

"My dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"LIVERPOOL."

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON TO HIS SON.

"I THANK you for your letter, which was interesting to me, because it conveyed a remembrance of what I desired you to do, and marks a dutiful affection towards me, which is doubly endearing, as I have such a love for you.

"The King has been this day to the House, and was received, as might be indeed expected, with the most cheering enthusiasm. I look forward with great delight and happiness to Christmas. God

grant that we may not be disappointed! Continue to do your best, and believe me,

"Ever, &c.

"W. K."

"Carlton House, Nov. 21, 1826."

After a few days' visit to his family, Sir William was summoned, by the following letter from the King, to Windsor.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I WRITE a short line, merely for the purpose of wishing you and yours from my heart a happy new year, and many returns of the same. I shall trouble you with but little on the present occasion, though I have much, and that too of great importance, which I must with the shortest lapse of time possible discuss and talk over with you; and therefore I rely upon your affection for me that you will not disappoint me, but that you will be punctual with me at the Lodge by noon, and not later than on Wednesday the 2nd, by

which time I trust the old mansion will be completely restored to its wonted tranquillity and quiet. But see you I must on that day.

"It was fully my intention to have written you a few lines on Christmas Day, but I was then, and had been confined ever since this day se'ennight, to my room with a general cold and feverish attack, attended with great tightness and oppression upon the chest, and for which, by Sir Henry's advice, we were obliged to have recourse to the lancet, which produced the expected relief, but not such entire relief as to set me free from my chamber, but from which, thank God, I am to emerge this day, by going down to dinner for the first time. My affection for you made me feel that, however I might be suffering myself, it would be both cruel and unjust in me, knowing how very little time you ever allow yourself to pass in comfort with your family, (especially at this season of the year,) were I to write

that to you which, from your affection to me, might have induced you generously to break up your domestic board by coming away to me suddenly, or at any rate have cast a damper over those happy, cheerful, and enviable hours, which you cannot fail to enjoy when surrounded by your happy domestic circle; and that long may this be your case, dear friend, my best prayers are, and ever will be offered up.

"Now good-bye to you. I look forward with impatience to Wednesday next, the 2nd, when I rely and depend upon seeing you. Till then, God bless you!

"Yours affectionately,

"G. R."

"Royal Lodge, Dec. 30, 1826."

The following letters, in addition to the foregoing, have been found among Sir William's correspondence of this year

"F. O. March 20th, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I SEND this messenger for the purpose of announcing to his Majesty the Duke of Wellington's safe arrival at St. Petersburgh. Keep him, that you may have the means of transmitting to me your evening report of his Majesty's health.

"The bulletin of this morning is highly satisfactory; but your accompanying letter shows that there is yet something to desire.

"I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow.

"Ever, my dear sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

"Hanover, April 12th, 1826.

"MY DEAR BARONET,

"I BEG you will not think me too audacious in venturing to address these lines to you, whom I am bound to revere for ever as my most noble protector, and to

whom I feel myself highly obliged in being permitted to communicate from time to time some intelligence respecting this country and my own humble individuality.

"Four years are now elapsed since I did myself the honour of writing to you last; and although esteem and gratitude frequently during that period instigated me to address you again, I was apprehensive of being too troublesome.

"You really do not imagine what a mournful impression the late illness of our beloved sovereign made upon all classes of his Majesty's Hanoverian subjects. The first question from every acquaintance I met with was after news about his Majesty's recovery; and the happy results of our joint hopes had scarcely spread about, when numerous festivals and rejoicings were arranged to celebrate that anxiously wished-for event. I attended myself a dinner at our Grand Provincial Lodge, where ardent thanks were offered

to the Almighty for the restoration of a health which is quite inestimable for the world at large, and for every individual in this country. May Heaven pour his everlasting blessings over our much-adored monarch, and grant him health and every happiness, together with a long and prosperous reign! It is known that all his Majesty's Hanoverian subjects abound in true veneration and loyalty to their magnanimous King; but believe me, dear baronet, none excel more in these virtues than the members of the three Masonic Lodges at this place, and the Superintending Provincial Grand Lodge, of whom I have the honour of being one of the senior wardens.

"During the last years, my time has been so much taken up by practical business, that very few moments were left to me for literary pursuits. My last was a translation of the 'Twelfth Dissertation upon subjects of Medical Science, by Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart. comprehending an

Essay on the Prevention and Cure of Hydrocephalus.' This translation has been published, with some additional observations, in the sixteenth volume of Dr. Rust's Magazine for Medical Sciences.

"When, by your kind intercession in my behalf, which I shall for ever most gratefully acknowledge, I entered about four years ago upon the duty of physician in ordinary to his Majesty's Court at Hanover, the medical attendance of the *personale* belonging to the Royal household, which is rather numerous, became my business; and, honoured by the trust of the situation, as well as by the pleasant reflection of bearing now an appointment in my native country, I tried to accomplish the different duties of my obligation with the utmost zeal, and, as I have reason to hope, to the satisfaction of my superiors; and I sincerely do confess that the reflection of my office, being entirely without any pecuniary benefits whatever, has never yet made the slightest impression upon my

mind. However, you will scarcely believe me, dear baronet, when I assure you that we live here still in such an age of darkness, that the assistant-surgeons of the army, from their being commissioned officers, are admitted at court; whereas his Majesty's physicians, notwithstanding their having made three or four steps above the rank of an assistant-surgeon, are not admissible. Physicians in this country have, notwithstanding their bearing Royal appointments, unfortunately never any claims upon that distinction if they are not knighted; and it is evident that the disproportion amongst the civil and military officers just now alluded to causes many inconveniences, by its appearing like disgrace. Four of my colleagues, all of whom are very able and distinguished gentlemen, are Knights of the order of the Guelphs: not one of them, however, has served his Majesty abroad, and in active military service, like myself, who entered the army in the year 1798, and was put upon British

half-pay, as surgeon to the forces, in the year 1816. When these services deserve any consideration, as I really hope they do, then, dear baronet, please to complete the noble work of having promoted the honour and happiness of your humble petitioner; use your exalted station, and condescend to solicit his Majesty's grace in my behalf for the honourable conferment of the most noble order of the Guelphs. Believe me, you intercede for one who is not unworthy; and, upon reference to Sir James M'Gregor, the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, you will, if you think proper, receive testimonies which will be too flattering to be even touched by myself.

"Entreating you most humbly to accomplish the only and last request I have in this world, I trust to your kindness and to the benevolence of your noble mind that you will please to excuse my having thus interrupted your precious time, and

to permit me to subscribe, with profound respect,

" Dear baronet,

" Your most humble

and much obliged servant,

" JNO. T *******, M.D."

" Admiralty, 19th July, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,

" ON consulting privately with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh as to the time when his Majesty's donation of five hundred pounds towards building the new High School might be announced with the greatest effect and utility as to other contributors, he wished it to be postponed for the present, and until the call for other subscriptions may have become less urgent. I presume they will not now wish it to be brought forward before October or November, and in the mean time it is deposited in the Bank of Scotland on my account; and there will be a small allowance

of interest from the bank, which I shall put into the Lord Provost's hands on the same account.

"I have had a visit to-day from Sir David Scott. It would be desirable if the letter which you mentioned could be written now.

"Believe me,

"My dear sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"MELVILLE."

"Sir W. Knighton, Bart."

"Sackville Street,

"Friday, 3rd November, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I BELIEVE it is a point of duty for his Majesty's servants, when they receive any high distinction from a foreign power or nation, to make it known to his Majesty. I beg you, therefore, to do me the honour of acquainting his Majesty that I have a letter from Paris this morning to inform me, that Monday last I was elected a

member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. I had as competitors six of the principal physicians of Europe, but was elected by a majority of two-thirds,—the division being 28 on 42.

"You will naturally enough allege that vanity has some share in this communication, as well as duty. I admit it; for it is considered as the highest distinction which a professional man can meet with, and what few of our countrymen have attained.

"Believe me ever, with high regard,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your very faithful

"and obedient servant,

"GIL. BLANE.

"P.S.—I think it will not be unpleasing to his Majesty to learn also, that my youngest son, for whom his Majesty was instrumental in procuring his first commission in the Grenadier Guards, has lately been appointed major of the 95th regiment, serving in Malta under my parti-

cular friend Lord Hastings, and that he has made a great character for talent by his survey of the island of Zante, while captain of the 90th, stationed there."

"F. O. Nov. 11th, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"SIR WALTER SCOTT is returned to England, as I learn from a note of Mr. Croker's, inviting me to meet Sir Walter at dinner next Friday.

"Is it possible that Sir Walter may take that opportunity of speaking to me about his son? If so, would it not be advisable that I should be apprised of his Majesty's gracious interest in the young man's favour beforehand?

"I will, of course, make a point of finding the means to do what his Majesty wishes. But although Sir Walter Scott and I are old friends, and though his reputation and his misfortunes entitle him to every possible attention, as a member of the government I shall be glad to have

the protection of the King's commands in doing an act of kindness by Malachi Malagrowther.

"Ever, my dear sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

CHAPTER XV.

Claims upon the bounty of the King made to Sir William Knighton.—Death of the Duke of York.—Sir William's visit to the royal vault to select the spot for placing his remains.—Letter from the late Lord Vernon.—From Sir William to his family, on his recovery from indisposition.

THE well-known favour and condescending kindness of his Majesty, whilst it called forth the most devoted attachment of Sir William, was the means also of bringing him a great number of petitions from various quarters; and even his friends partook of the penalty of receiving solicitations to which it happened very rarely that there existed the power to accede. The following, from the late Mr. Northcote, may serve as a specimen.

"Argyll Place, June 3rd, 1827.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"As I find I am illumined by a ray of light of which you are the source, I am bound to make known to you the consequences of my supposed power, and therefore inform you that I am earnestly solicited to use my interest with you graciously to grant the following petitions, which, as I see they proceed from that most powerful of all qualifications to obtain advantages, I submit to comply with the demands of imperial impudence, and make known to you my commissions from the following petitioners, trusting their fate to your judgment, and remain always,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your most sincere friend, &c.

"JAMES NORTHCOTE.

"The Petitions of—

"First—Mr. ——, who desires you to bestow upon him the place of Paymaster to the Poor Knights of Windsor.

"Mr. ——, the author, prays you to make his brother one of the pensioners of the Charter-house!

"The Rev. —— ——, desires you to make him Librarian to the King, or to give him one hundred pounds!

"Miss —— desires to be made one of the nuns of St. Catherine's, in the new buildings!

"My butcher desires you to make his son one of the scholars in Christ's Hospital!

"Miss —— desires the gift of twenty-five guineas!

"Other inferior petitions I shall not trouble you with at present."

The commencement of the year 1827 was marked by the lamented death of the Duke of York. A letter from Sir Henry Halford to Sir William, of the date of the 28th of December, speaks of the Duke's illness as likely to terminate his life in a few days. The Duke had made his will, and the letter says,

"He has taken the sacrament this morning. It was administered by the Bishop of London to his Royal Highness and to her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, Sir H. Taylor, and myself, at the Duke's request.

"After it was over, (and he followed every word with the most profound attention and feeling,) he called us to him one by one, and squeezed our hands with the most expressive affection.

"The King came over yesterday, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him for the last time."

In the following letter, addressed by Sir William to his eldest daughter, will be found an impressive description of a midnight visit to the vault beneath St. George's chapel at Windsor, where the remains of the royal family repose.

"Royal Lodge, 20th January, 1827.

"It may make you comfortable to know that I do not attend the funeral of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York; but I remain with his Majesty in the silence of his chamber.

"Two nights since, the King sent me to St. George's Chapel at Windsor, for the purpose of descending into the vault which contains the Royal Family who have died within these few years. One man preceded me down the ladder that leads to this gloomy abode, whilst another held the ladder above: the first man carried a lighted torch. We then traversed a subterraneous passage of about one hundred yards in length, at the end of which, looking to the east, was the coffin of King George the Third, elevated a little on a block of marble; on one side was the late Queen Charlotte; on the other, his Majesty's daughter the Princess Amelia; next to the Princess, Prince Edward, who died early; and on the other side of the

Queen, another prince who died young. Then, by turning round, and looking in a different direction, on the right, in a niche, was the Princess Elizabeth, at whose birth I was present; in the next niche, the Princess Charlotte and her baby, her heart in an urn: next to the Princess Charlotte, the old Duchess of Brunswick; and farther on in the vault, the late Duke of Kent.

"The object of this melancholy and memorable visit was to fix on a desirable spot to place the remains of the Duke of York, that his Majesty might know, through my affectionate feelings to fulfil his wishes, that the Duke was placed in a situation to be as near the late King as possible.

"It is quite out of my power to describe to you the imposing and solemn situation in which I found myself,—in the dead of night, with a single torch in my hand, in the bowels of the earth, with my late King and Queen and their dead family, all of

whom I believed had at that moment a spiritual existence. I felt as if the Almighty was present, and almost imagined that the spirits of the departed were also before me. I never shall forget this visit!

"I remained in the vault above a quarter of an hour. The hour at which I now write is four o'clock; the minute-guns are firing. The remains of the Duke of York will reach Windsor about eight. I am obliged to write in a great hurry.

"Yours ever, &c.

"W. K."

The next letter is from the late Lord Vernon, an early and steady friend of Sir William, and a man of most extensive benevolence and of high religious principles.

"St. Clare, Ryde, 1st February, 1827.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"MANY thanks for the kind caution relative to my health contained in your let-

ter of the 12th. I can only assure you that I am prudence itself, compared with what I used to be. They say every man is a fool or a physician at forty; and I think I may lay some claim to the latter appellation with respect to myself. As to the former I will say nothing; but I feel persuaded that the first step towards becoming a wise man, (if such a character may be said to exist,) is for a man to consider himself a fool, and as knowing nothing.

"We rejoice to hear of D—'s being affianced to S——, with your full consent and approbation. There cannot be a more amiable or excellent young man; and we trust every happiness may be the result of their union.

"That magnificent ship the Asia, going out with Sir E. Codrington's flag to the Mediterranean, has just passed our windows; and the thought of so many who are leaving their country for such a length of time, and in such a number,—so many that are taking their last farewell of it,—

cannot fail to produce serious reflections. This is one scene of the great drama adverted to in your letter, passing on until we pass into eternity, which has somewhere been beautifully described as the lifetime of the Almighty !*

"Let us all strive with all our hearts, with all our souls, and with all our strength, to secure that spiritual existence in His presence of which you speak. If we fail in gaining that, it were good for us that we had not been born.

"The mystery of iniquity is working strongly in the world, and I can see its development more and more every day. Popery is struggling for its very existence; Mahommedism is drawing nearer and nearer to its downfall, and cannot be propped up by human means, or be made to attain any renovated power to answer the political ends of Christian government. Meantime, the tremendous and frightful

* This definition, it is said, was given by a pupil at the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris.

vision of infidelity becomes more apparent every day, the strength of which, lamentable to think, arises from corrupted Christianity. But all things are, as I believe, however incomprehensible and mysterious it may seem, working together for ultimate good; and brighter and better days are even upon this earth promised to us in Scripture.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"V."

It seems probable that about this period the symptoms of Sir William's last fatal disease began to manifest themselves in occasional embarrassment of health; and in the months of February and March he had a severe and alarming illness at the Pavilion. The next letter is dated from thence.

"March 7th, 1827.

"I THANK God that I am gaining ground. The King left the Pavilion this afternoon

for Windsor, and I still hold my intention of being with you to-morrow (Thursday) about a quarter before five. I am told the air is raw and cold to-day: — I shall be particularly careful to wrap up well. You will find me much improved in looks, compared to what I was even three days ago. My sleep is returning, which I attribute much to some hot bread and milk which I take every night. I am doing all I can to recover my health.

"I am very sorry for poor Lacroix: it was a pretty little girl, and the only daughter, I believe.

"What you have been told relative to the Jesuits, I am satisfied is perfectly true. The state of the world is very unsettled; but the ways of God are quite inscrutable to our poor understandings. When I look at the arguments on the Roman Catholic Question in the House of Commons, the wonder that strikes one is the lightness with which it is argued. Ridicule and flippancy of language, to

excite a vulgar or irreligious laugh, seem to be considered sufficient for the most awful purposes.

"I have not seen the King so well for some time. His Majesty asked me yesterday how I had contrived to keep the knowledge of my alarming illness from you. I said that when at the worst I had contrived to write you a few lines daily.

"He seemed astonished that I could have done so. Thanks be to God, it is, I hope, now quite over.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir William Knighton's dangerous relapse.—Interest taken by the King in his recovery.—Letter to his Daughter.—Letters from Mr. Canning and Lord (then Mr.) Brougham.—Letter from the King, stating his own infirmities—From Mr. Stapleton on Mr. Canning's illness—From Basil Montagu, Esq.; Sir Walter Scott; the Duke of Clarence, &c.

Sir William's return to town was followed by a most dangerous relapse: he was long confined to his bed. During this illness his sick-chamber was visited by some of the most distinguished persons: amongst these was the late Earl of Liverpool, then at the head of the government. He passed an hour by Sir William's bedside only one day previously to his own fatal attack. Sir William had the most exalted opinion of his lordship.

The interruption in the duties of his

situation with the King was much felt by his Majesty, as is evidenced by the following letter.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"FOR God's sake, for all our sakes, pray, pray take care of yourself, and do not think, upon any account, of stirring until to-morrow morning. It is true, I am jaded and quite worn out, and writing from my bed, where I have laid down for a little rest; but to-morrow will be quite time enough. Little or no advance, I regret to say, has as yet been made, amidst, perhaps, almost unravelable perplexities.

"Yours affectionately,

"G. R."

"St. James's Palace,
Friday, April 6, 1827.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"Sunday night, Hanover Square.

"I THINK I owe you a letter: it is a great happiness to me to write to you, for you are one of my principal comforts. I came to town last night, and although my evenings are lonely and silent, yet I so employ myself, that, like everything connected with time, they pass quickly away. I have scarcely been well since I left Hampshire; I have had continued colds, in consequence of which I have experienced what I consider an embarrassment about the heart: however, they say it is no such thing, and amongst the number is Sir Henry Halford, which, as far as it goes, is satisfactory. I am better to-day: after church, I walked out to see Wilkie, which has done me good. I cannot sit down to talk with common minds: it is a misfortune, — almost a vice; but, whatever the fault may be, I cannot help it. I have never cultivated the feeling; it was born

with me. I remember, when a child, putting on my poor mother's white apron, and getting upon a chair to harangue the country domestics, because I thought I could improve them. This must have been at six years of age; so you see the early principle. Who fixed it there? I did not!

"My little drawing-room looks comfortable and companionable from my pictures. Every little specimen is a little history to me, and becomes a tale of time past. Ah! that quick passage of days leads rapidly to the grave. What then? What we must all hope for!—something better. I have been reading to-night St. Paul's narrative, which I had in my hand for the morning portion of Scripture when at Blendworth. I have been much struck at his worldly management throughout the whole of that business which led to his journey and residence at Rome. Common sense is evident throughout; and that sense separates itself in a remarkable

manner from his spiritual conduct. Remark how admirably he contrives the distinction in all his conduct, words, and actions; taking the world as it was for the circumstances of the moment, and the great and momentous future results. This separation of conduct in relation to the words used is truly marvellous. One of the great points to be observed in life is to go so far, and no farther,—to stop at the right moment; in short, to be cautious of errors, and shun extremes.

"This little note is written in a hand-gallop, as the thoughts will plainly evince. I shall have a busy day to-morrow; so good-night, dearest. Believe how much I love you.

"W. K."

The following letter from Mr. Canning, was written at a time when his constitution was yielding to the fatigue and anxieties of his public life.

FROM MR. CANNING.

"F. O. March 3, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"THE only ill effect of my attendance in the House of Commons on Thursday was a sleepless night; a grievance which I do not remember ever to have experienced to the same degree before. I was not feverish; I was not exhausted; I was not even tired;—and I can generally get to sleep, putting aside whatever is upon my mind, but Thursday night I could not. I felt as if every limb, from top to toe, was alive, like an eel; and I lay all night, not tossing or tumbling, but as broad awake as if it were mid-day. The consequence was, that I kept quietly at home (by Holland's advice) all yesterday, and did not go to the House of Commons, for which reason I have not written to his Majesty; perhaps you will have the kindness to explain why. There was indeed nothing to re-

port, except the second reading of the Duke of Clarence's Bill, by a majority of 128 to 39, almost without debate. All the rest of the sitting was occupied with petitions. Here is Lushington's report of it.

"I am quite well this morning, having (by order) dined more liberally yesterday, and drunk a little wine, and afterwards slept like a top from eleven to seven. I rejoice in your good accounts of his Majesty, and am greatly relieved by what you say of yourself.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"GEORGE CANNING."

Sir William had for many years been on very friendly terms with Lord and Lady Brougham. Among the letters addressed to him by his lordship, (then Mr. Brougham,) the following is found, expressive of the writer's zeal for the improvement of the lower classes of society.

FROM LORD BROUGHAM.

"York, April 4th, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"THERE is a matter to which I am desirous of drawing your particular attention, because I really believe it to be most important to the interests of the country, and also that it may be made conducive to the honour and popularity of those whose interests you naturally have much at heart.

"You are, perhaps, aware that a society has lately been formed for promoting the diffusion of solid and useful knowledge among all classes, as well the high who have not much application, and have neglected the acquirement of science when young and when those things were less in vogue, as the lower classes who have much time or means for improving their minds. I am joined in this plan by a great list of men full of the like zeal, and who, without any distinction of sect or party, are resolved to work with me in this vocation

till we make science really popular and familiar to all classes of the community. Our first discourse, recommending science generally, is out; and the first of a series of treatises on all subjects of knowledge is out also. Before this reaches you a second may be nearly out, for we publish once a fortnight. I have directed them to be sent to you in your capacity of a man of science, and I solicit your attention to them in that capacity. But I also beg of you to consider whether there would not be a manifest fitness and grace in the King patronising this great and good design. I have abstained from being mentioned as founder of the institution, or as chairman of its managing committee, because, from the place I hold in Parliament, it might give the whole a party air most foreign to our design. For the same reason, you have no occasion to drop the least hint, should you ever have an opportunity of turning his Majesty's attention towards it, that I have anything to do with it. But I

see no reason why one of the cleverest and quickest, and most accomplished men in the country, merely because he is at the head of it, should not look at our works, which he would comprehend and relish, I am sure, as thoroughly as any one in his dominions; and still less can I discover why, in his station, the display of good will towards a plan for improving his people should not be both politic and gracious. You know these matters better; but I wish you to turn them over in your mind. Our lists of members and regulations are annexed to the preliminary treatise. Believe me very truly yours,

"H. BROUGHAM."

The ensuing passage in one of his Majesty's letters, presents a melancholy picture of the bodily infirmity of George IV. during the summer of 1827.

"Royal Lodge, June 18th, 1827.

"As to myself, I am pretty well bodily; but I have little or no use of my

poor limbs, for I can neither walk up nor down stairs, and am obliged to be carried, and in general to be wheeled about everywhere; for my powers of walking, and even of crawling about with crutches, or with the aid of a strong stick, are not in the smallest respect improved since you last saw me,—at the same time that my knees, legs, ankles, and feet swell more formidably and terribly than ever. This, I am sure you will agree with me, ought now to be seriously attended to without delay by some plan devised and steadily acted upon, in order to stop the further progress, and to remedy it effectually and finally; for there is no question it is an increasing and progressive evil, (at least so I fear,) unless steps be found, and that speedily too, of averting it.

"You must now have had enough of my epistolary quality; I shall therefore, dear friend, hasten to a conclusion, with the assurance that I am always your sincere and affectionate friend, G. R."

"Royal Lodge, 5th Dec. 1827.

"I WRITE by a messenger going to town to say, there can be no hesitation respecting Dora's coming to town.

"I made the King laugh heartily a few minutes since at your anxiety lest his Majesty and I had quarrelled. You do not know the newspaper tricks. That paragraph was manufactured for the purposes of mischief. All this is political.—No, no; there is nothing wrong here. His Majesty and myself were never on more happy terms of feeling: it is this knowledge that produces public abuse. I hope with my own peculiar intellect I need not fear a change; I have nothing to apprehend, but my health and the eternal wear and tear that my frame undergoes from my great exertions. The King was very kind towards you, and said, 'Poor little soul! I suppose she is in a fine fuss!'

"Kiss my dear children.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

Among Sir William's correspondence in 1827 have been found the following letters :—

" Brighton, Feb. 13th, 1827,
" eleven A. M.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" MR. CANNING heard last night, with the most unfeigned regret and sorrow, that you had been suffering from a sharp attack of illness. He desires me to tell you that he awaits with the greatest anxiety a better report of you to-day.

" I did not write to you yesterday,— first, because I knew we should send up a messenger this morning; and next, because I could not have given you a very satisfactory report of Mr. C.'s health, as he suffered a good deal of pain through the whole of yesterday, — not so much in a paroxysm lasting for six hours, and then leaving nothing but soreness behind, as in occasional fits lasting a short time, and constantly returning; and lastly, because

I hoped that I should be able to give you a more favourable report to-day.

"My hopes are not disappointed. The vapour-bath into which he went last night has given him a good night, and has prevented the return of the paroxysm. He is decidedly in every respect better this morning; still, however, he must be kept very quiet for the next two or three days.

"I sincerely hope that you, my dear sir, will soon be restored to health; and you may be assured no one is more anxious for your speedy recovery than Mr. Canning.

"Believe me always,

"My dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely and faithfully,

"A. G. STAPLETON."

"F. O. Thursday, March 1st, 1827.

"quarter past ten P. M.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I AM glad to tell you, not only that the debate this evening on corn has gone off in the most satisfactory manner, but

that Mr. Canning, with the exception of a little fatigue, is not the worse for his exertions. The House was very full, and, except a few of the most violent, all seemed satisfied. I enclose you a letter which Mr. Canning has just this instant received from Mr. Lushington.

"Mr. Canning desires me to say, that he heard such an account of you the morning he left Brighton, that he is excessively anxious to know how you are: and he *begs* that if you are not well enough yourself to write a line, you will ask Sir M. Tierney to do so.

"Believe me always,

"My dear sir,

"Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

"A. G. STAPLETON."

"25, Bedford Square, April 20, 1837.

"DEAR SIR,

"SOME years ago, the King, when at H———, condescended most kindly

to say, 'Basil, come to me at Carlton House whenever I can serve you;' and to my father, by whom I was standing, his Majesty was pleased to add, 'Remember, Lord S*******, what I have said to Basil.' To this kind and most flattering notice I am indebted for all my success in life. I was encouraged to engage in the profession of the law, in which, through great difficulties, by unremitted industry I have risen to happiness and honour.

"'Tis my nature not to trespass upon kindness. I have always thought that I was indebted to his Majesty's gracious notice of me, when at H———, for qualities that were inlaid rather than embossed. I have never presumed upon his Majesty's goodness, but am anxious at this moment to assure the King how happy I should be to serve his Majesty.

"Unacquainted with the proper mode of addressing his Majesty, will you permit me to solicit a few moments' conversa-

tion with you, at any time that you may have the goodness to appoint?

"I am, my dear sir,

"Your very faithful and obliged

"B**** M******."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

"44, Gower Place, June 11th, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"MR. NORTHCOTE mentioned to you at my desire, a few days ago, the question of a brother of mine wholly unprovided for, and whom I was anxious to get enlisted among the Poor Brothers at the Charter-house.

"I owe you a thousand apologies for having obtruded a concern of mine on your notice; and nothing could have encouraged me to do so but the singular kindness with which you met me a few weeks ago at Mr. Northcote's house.

"My father, who died in the year 1772, left eight children. There are three of us now surviving, — myself, a brother, who

lives on a small competence as a farmer in his native county of Norfolk, and the individual in whose behalf I am desirous to interest you.

"My own situation is, perhaps, not unknown to you. Finding my resources as an author not fully competent to the demands for which I was most immediately bound to provide, I engaged in a trading concern as a bookseller in the year 1806. Two years ago I became a bankrupt. In the mean time, however, I was enabled to bring forward my children; and, they being provided for, I trust I shall not stand in need of the assistance of others to enable me to pass the remainder of my days in peace.

"My brother, the farmer, is in somewhat a confined way of business, and has seven children. His means, however, are equal to his wishes: he can support his family, but he can do no more.

"Our only concern, therefore, is in relation to this brother whom Mr. Northcote

mentioned to you. He was bred to the sea, being apprenticed to an eminent proprietor of trading vessels at Yarmouth. Since he left the sea, he has been engaged in trade, and has assisted or conducted a retail business in a small way, till now that he is on the eve of sixty years of age. He is a man of no brilliant faculties, but of uncommonly sound sense, and of an integrity and justness of principle that have never been exceeded. He is, however, wholly unacquainted with the artifices and intricacies of populous life, and no more qualified to fight his way in the bustle of a commercial world than Lieutenant Hatchway in Smollett's novel.

"You see, therefore, at once, my dear sir, how we are situated. He is unable to help himself—he is arrived at a premature old age; and neither I, nor my brother, the farmer, are in circumstances to help him. The little means that he at different times possessed are gone, and he is without a shilling. If I could foresee

the probability of his being provided for in a short time in the way I mentioned to Mr. Northcote, I would cheerfully subject myself to any privations to try to fill up the interval.

"It is the happy combination of your liberal and obliging disposition with the circumstance of your intimacy with the generous prince who now fills the throne, that encourages me to hope that I shall not be disappointed in the desire I have conceived of obtaining your effectual aid in the situation I have taken the liberty to lay before you.

"I know not whether I ought as yet to add my brother's description, which, if the matter should be taken up by you and perfected, might become necessary. It is, 'Nathaniel Godwin, born February 1768, a bachelor.'

"I am, my dear sir,

"With great respect,

"Very faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM GODWIN."

"No. 44, Gower Place, Bedford Square,
"July 5, 1827, Thursday.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"CALLING accidentally yesterday evening at Mr. Northcote's, I received the unexpected and gratifying intelligence that you had secured for me the object respecting which I had taken the liberty to apply to you by my letter of the 11th of June. Mr. Northcote said you had written to that effect either to me or my brother; but no letter has reached us.

"Have the goodness to excuse my requesting that you would do me the favour to remedy this defect, as, till that is done, I apprehend your kind interference will remain unavailing. If a letter addressed to my brother Nathaniel is the proper mode, have the goodness to forward it to my residence.

"Allow me to embrace this opportunity of expressing the strong feeling I entertain of your generous interference, in return for an application I scarcely considered

myself authorized to make. It will have the effect of smoothing the latter days of a most worthy individual, and of relieving me from an embarrassment I felt myself unable to encounter.

"I have the honour to be,
"With the sincerest respect,
"My dear sir,
"Your most obliged
"and obedient servant,
"WILLIAM GODWIN."

"Edinburgh, 15th Nov. 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I AM sure your continued goodness will excuse my interrupting your much more interesting and important affairs, by asking your advice on a matter of so much importance to myself as that which regards my son Charles, whom your kindness has allowed me to consider as in some degree under your protection. I am quite aware that the melancholy death of Mr. Canning must have interrupted the views you held out of his being established in

his office, and that it is very possible that you may not at this moment desire to be troubled on a subject of such little importance. But I know you will not be displeased with me for stating his present condition, and requesting your advice how I should dispose of the young man until your good intentions in his favour can be conveniently carried into execution.

"He has now finished his academical course, by taking, with good credit, his degree as Bachelor of Arts; and I now think of having him here with me during the winter, with a view of his prosecuting the study of foreign languages, necessarily neglected at college, and of general history. But I owe it to your goodness to desire the advantage of your advice on the subject.

"This young man is the nearest object to my heart. He is of an excellent disposition, clever and steady, well-informed, and of a good person and address; so that I have every reason to hope he will be no disgrace to any who may take interest in

I hoped that I should be able to give you a more favourable report to-day.

"My hopes are not disappointed. The vapour-bath into which he went last night has given him a good night, and has prevented the return of the paroxysm. He is decidedly in every respect better this morning; still, however, he must be kept very quiet for the next two or three days.

"I sincerely hope that you, my dear sir, will soon be restored to health; and you may be assured no one is more anxious for your speedy recovery than Mr. Canning.

"Believe me always,

"My dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely and faithfully,

"A. G. STAPLETON."

"F. O. Thursday, March 1st, 1827.

"quarter past ten P. M.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I AM glad to tell you, not only that the debate this evening on corn has gone off in the most satisfactory manner, but

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, Nov. 29, 1827,
"late in the evening.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM just returned from the merriest and most agreeable gale of wind I ever met with; though for the present it has prevented my reaching Plymouth, to which I shall go by land in the first week of January.

"If I returned in good humour, how much pleased I must be with your letter announcing his Majesty's munificent intentions towards his Scottish subjects! I have so sincere and affectionate a regard for the King as my sovereign and as my brother, that, whether publicly or privately he does that which is right, I rejoice from the bottom of my heart. The advantages of this truly happy country are so numerous and great, I cannot number them; and amongst the many are the three nations that compose our home dominions.

There is in some a prejudice against the Scotch; yet their national qualities are so sterling, that the Monarch of this empire must ever do well in giving them a large place in his esteem. I shall now conclude by saying, God bless George the Fourth and yourself! and I ever remain,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly, WILLIAM."

"Stanley Grove, Chelsea,
Dec. 22, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"ALTHOUGH I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for some years, I hope you will allow me to trouble you for a few minutes on a subject of some little consequence.

"Two or three years ago, Lord Farnborough spoke to his Majesty on the subject of a subscription for a monument to the late sculptor Canova at Venice. The subscription was set about, and the monument has since been erected by Count Ci-

cognara, director of the Museum of that city, and an intimate friend of Canova.

"Cicognara, with whom I was then in correspondence, often expressed to me his ardent hope that his Majesty would allow his name to be added to those of all the other sovereigns of Europe, as subscribers to this monument; and I was assured by Lord Farnborough that his Majesty had expressed his intention of giving the sum of two hundred pounds towards this object. But when I addressed him lately on the subject, he told me that his Majesty had referred it to the Duke of Devonshire; and on Prince Cimitelli, a friend of Cicognara, applying to the Duke, he understood from his Grace that it rested with Lord Farnborough.

"In this dilemma, and urged very strongly by Cicognara, who has completed the monument, for which he is considerably in advance, and who only waits his Majesty's decision to print the list of subscribers, I have ventured to write to you,

in the hope that you will have it in your power to enable me to mention to Cicognara in what manner and when he may expect to receive this gracious proof of the kind interest which his Majesty has always taken in the memory of the most distinguished sculptor of his age, as he was one of the most amiable of men.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir William,

"Yours very sincerely,

"H. B. HAMILTON."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

In Sir William's letters to different members of his family, inserted here and in other parts of these volumes, it will be seen that neither the numerous cares, nor the brilliance of his situation, could diminish his anxiety for the moral culture and general welfare of his children.

"I WROTE dearest M. a line early this morning, after which I was obliged to go

to bed, where I have been all day; but I am now just up, and feel, I thank God, a good deal better, although rather *shaky* after my discipline.

"I still hope to see you on Thursday morning, and to be with you several days, and that the weather may admit of our daily riding together. If we cannot ride, we will walk and read, and I hope we shall be happy. Tell your dear mother she need not be uneasy about me, as I dare say I shall be quite well on Thursday.

"Dear W. was not in bad spirits; but he was much annoyed at being turned down in his class. I encouraged him all I could, and he seemed much happier. I am rejoiced his holidays begin on the 6th of May, or thereabouts: a month's comfort will do him good. —— has just given him an old sword, with which he is delighted. It is gratifying when the little things of life give an impulse to happiness, for the greater concerns of it can give none. The mind that has the power and the oppor-

tunity of looking at life upon an extensive scale, will be glad to turn from it and look at home-scenes, my beloved, for happiness and comfort: if he should not find it there, the whole necessarily becomes a blank.

"Friday morning. — I am better. I got from my bed this morning and rode nine miles. I still hope to be with you on Thursday morning, but not to breakfast. I find I must come back here on Wednesday night. God bless you!

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO THE SAME.

"Royal Lodge, Jan. 11th, 1828.

"Two letters following to you, and not one line to your dear mother or William, &c.; but I am anxious to thank you for your reply of this morning, which is very agreeable to my feelings, because it unfolds a reciprocity of affection that makes life not only worth its pains and perils,

but gives an impulse which is most refreshing to my mind.

"True religion is very much connected with purity of feeling. This can never exist where the bosom is a stranger to love and affection. Tell dear M. I will write her to-morrow. We have plenty of work upon our hands at this moment.

"I have been six hours in my chair without stirring; so that your mother would say twice what she did once at Blendworth: 'What! still writing, Sir William?'

"Love, &c. W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Hanover Square, 18th Jan. 1828.

"I HAVE, as you may suppose, little time to write; yet I cannot avoid acknowledging your letter.

"I desired Mr. —— to write to you, and to say what he thought of your writing

and style altogether. As much of this acquirement is purely mechanical, he is perhaps as good a judge as I am upon some points. I know well from experience the great importance of attending to little things; and the reason is obvious: the little things are constantly called for.

"This is perhaps the most eventful period of your life, because the mind will soon begin to be, if not subservient, yet guided and directed by the habits of the body. The corporeal influence is wonderful: the rule of conduct therefore is, to make the body bend to the mind. This can only be accomplished by directing all the energies of the mind to high and useful purposes; making the regulation of your life, as far as possible, in accordance with and under the influence of the Christian scheme of morality. Do this, and all will go right. The difficulties of existence are by this means wonderfully diminished. If you never get drunk, your mind and body are spared

from the most offensive inconveniences. If you lie not, the mortifications of conscience in opposition to truth will never assail you. If you cherish high, undeviating principle, you never can suffer from the penalties of a mean, low, grovelling spirit. If you cherish pure, unsullied virtue, the countenance will remain free, frank, and open, — nothing to hide, and nothing to mask, by expression, the uneasiness within.

"Adieu! Your very attached and affectionate

"W. K."

TO THE SAME.

"London, Jan. 21st, 1828.

"I THINK you had better come up on the 23rd, as that will give you two days to get what you want.

"Your mother suggested an allowance previously to your going to Oxford. This I

object to, because I wish all your responsibility to begin at the same point of time. When at Oxford, whatever Mr. C. decides for his son you shall have. This I shall do most cheerfully; and I shall be ready, so long as you continue to me what you are at present, to abridge my own wants that yours may be comfortably supplied.

"It is likely that a good deal will be said against me by the press, and perhaps by insinuation in Parliament. Do not believe anything to my dishonour; I shall do nothing to disgrace the name you have from me. I only belong to the King,—I have nothing to do either with the faults or virtues of others; but I cannot expect to escape the dirt that must be thrown during the contention of political strife.

"My best love to those around you. I am so occupied, I can only write to you to-day.

"Ever yours,

"W. K."

CHAPTER XVII.

Letters from the Duke of Clarence and Lord Bexley.—Extract from Sir William's Journal of his route to Rotterdam.—Letter from the Earl of Aberdeen.—Letters from Sir William to his Family.

THE following are among the letters received by Sir William in the commencement of the year 1828.

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Admiralty, Jan. 7th, 1828. 6 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE this instant received yours of this morning, and you may rest assured not a living soul shall know a word of what you have written or may write to me respecting my brother, who is dearer

to me than the whole world, both on public and private grounds. I am confident you write the truth, and therefore, though his Majesty is uncomfortable, I trust in God this attack will go off without any unpleasant symptom, and shortly. I shall be of course anxious to hear to-morrow, and the shorter the better, I hope, as I shall then be sure the King is going on as we both wish him.

"Adieu till to-morrow; and

"Ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours unalterably,

"WILLIAM."

"Sir William Knighton, Bt. &c."

"Foot's Cray Place, Feb. 1, 1829.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HAVE just been favoured with your letter of the 30th ultimo, announcing his Majesty's gracious intention to become the patron of the Episcopal Floating Chapel, and to bestow a donation towards its sup-

port. I shall immediately communicate his Majesty's gracious pleasure to the society, and, as one of its members, I beg leave to offer my humble and grateful acknowledgments to his Majesty for so distinguished an honour. Believe me, dear sir,

"With great regard,

"Very sincerely yours,

"BEXLEY."

"Sir William Knighton, Bt. &c."

In a manuscript book, dated the 23rd of February 1828, designated, "A Journal of my proceedings at Paris, and on route to Rotterdam," are found the ensuing passages.

"Had an interview with Lord ——. Some conversation passed as to the politics of the day: it was very easy to discover what his feelings were at the present state of things. The Turkish manifesto seemed to impress the ministers that war must be the result.

"27th. I left Paris at twelve for the purpose of visiting St. Cloud. The chateau is situated on an eminence (not very prominent) above the village of St. Cloud. The Dauphine was expected; but we had no difficulty of admission, except on the condition that we must immediately withdraw on the approach of her Royal Highness. The old porter, who took charge of us, had served Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, the Empress Marie Louise, and now finally Charles the Tenth.

"The rooms are like all French rooms that are fine; and yet the situation and the arrangement of the apartments, when constantly inhabited, convey an idea that there is more of comfort in this chateau than usually belongs to houses of grandeur.

"I was impatient to get to Buonaparte's room, which was a moderate-sized library, with a very large table in the middle. Upon this table, the old porter told us, Buonaparte fought his battles beforehand.

He had it covered with maps of the countries that were to be the seat of war. Upon these maps were placed little figures resembling his army in miniature, and all the different positions were marked with pins or pegs; so that when he actually came upon the ground, there was nothing new to him. Under such circumstances, he was never taken by surprise. The portion of time necessary to be consumed in accomplishing the marches and countermarches of the different corps was accurately calculated; the provisions required and the facilities of the country through which the army might pass carefully noticed, for the purpose of getting supplies.

"Thus were Buonaparte's campaigns formed and fought in his library. The table at which he wrote still remained there; and the habit which he had of cutting and scratching on the table was exhibited by marks of his knife.

"What a train of associations filled one's mind in contemplating the wonderful ex-

ploits of this remarkable man! How completely the mind in a moment passes to eternity under the influence of these feelings, that tell the story so strikingly as to the vanity and insignificance of this life! — one wretched bit of clay, with trick, stratagem, and force, managing another wretched piece which may happen to be placed in collision with his own intentions, whether for good or evil.

"We saw what is now an orangery, where Buonaparte dismissed the members of the National Convention. They all left the hall frightened and amazed at the intrepidity of this soldier of fortune.

"We next came to his bed-room: in that apartment Blucher afterwards slept, who went to his bed with his boots on, resembling more a savage than anything civilised.

"Eight hundred soldiers were quartered in this chateau at the time the armies occupied Paris and the neighbourhood.

"The old porter told us that Buona-

parte's habit was never to remain more than twenty minutes, or a half-hour at most, at dinner. He generally ate soup with vermicelli, drank very little wine, and always *vin de Chambertin ;* and when he was at a distance from Paris, fifteen or twenty bottles of this wine were sent off daily by the diligence for his use. His dinner consisted of various little things, but he had no particular favourite dish. His great beverage was coffee, and his indulgence quantities of snuff. I have often known both these stimuli of use where the mind is so constituted as to require bodily assistance, as it were, in consequence of that eternal call for excitement that is going on within. I have very little doubt but the disorganised texture of Buonaparte's stomach had been gradually influencing his temper for years ; and when the violent passions in the form of irritability began to assail him, then it was that the change of texture began. Such is the influence of matter over mind, and *vice versâ*.

"There is in one of the rooms of this chateau a picture by Raphael well worthy of notice. The subject of the picture is the painter himself pointing out to the Pope Leo X. a picture of a Holy Family upon which he was then employed. The beautiful appearance of Raphael, then a young man, contrasted with the fine head of the Pope, produces a magnificent effect.

"We passed on to the bed-room that was once Josephine's, and thence to the long gallery. In this the marks still remain where the posts were let into the floor that separated Buonaparte and Marie Louise in this gallery from the rest of the company when the marriage was first consecrated: they were afterwards again married in the chapel. The chapel in this chateau is cold and comfortless. Buonaparte was very particular in attending high mass, according to the account of the old porter.

"Friday, February 28th.—I visited for the first time Versailles. I was much

struck with the magnificence of this palace: the gardens, the immense apparatus of water to form fountains and *jets d'eau*, &c. excite one's wonder; but it is not a pleasing surprise, inasmuch as you regret the squandering such immense sums without any useful object. In the first instance it might have been partially useful by engaging public attention,—for the French cannot exist without the collateral aids of excitement. Many live throughout the week with limited sustenance to indulge in pleasures according to their fancy on the Sunday. The religious duties of the cathedral are soon performed, and then their Sunday is to them a complete day of jollity and pleasure. Everything is forgotten: all the old cares of calculation, how to get rich or how to avoid poverty, they pretend to leave to the English; it (happily for them) forms no part of the French character.

"Versailles is at present without furniture; everything was destroyed during the

Revolution. To restore it has never been attempted, on account of the immense expense. There are pictures, but no good ones; and in passing through the faded magnificence of these rooms, so richly ornamented with gold, and once the scene of such varied indulgence and sensuality, one cannot avoid thinking with the deepest and most intense feelings how little is to be prized in this transitory existence, and how completely all desire is put aside for the grandeur of this worthless world.

"We saw the room in which Louis the Fourteenth died: it was gloomy.

"To come to later days, our guide showed us the balcony on which Marie Antoinette presented the Dauphin at the time of the Revolution. The court-yard was filled with about five or six thousand of the lowest wretches. Two cannon would have cleared out this revolutionary horde, and probably secured the lives of those innocent victims who afterwards perished for a succession of years. But no one can

contemplate the French Revolution with correct feelings, without looking to other than mere external causes. To the spirit of evil then abounding on earth can only be ascribed those visitations which have from time to time desolated Europe."

It was on the eve of this absence that Sir William received the following note from the Earl of Aberdeen, who was then the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It bears a gratifying testimony to the ability which had been exerted by him in the concerns of that department belonging to his Majesty.

"Argyll House, Feb. 18th, 1828.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I SHALL endeavour to delay any Council until your return; for I should be very sorry, unless the business should be pressing, to hold one without you.

"Your management of the affairs of the Duchy has been so admirable, that I should scarcely feel safe if anything of im-

portance were to be decided upon without your assistance. Yours ever truly,

"ABERDEEN."

About this time a letter from Paris, dated February 29th, 1828, was received from Sir William.

"I HAD the pleasure to receive your letter this morning, and I was happy to find that you and the three dear children were well. I can speak with no satisfaction on what is passing in England. The conduct pursued on all sides seems to me most degrading. Accusation and folly are so united, that the multitude may well wonder at the little dignity that exists in those who govern or have governed. It will be a lesson of instruction respecting dear William. The lowest situation in life is to be preferred, if it can afford security against the evil of bad passions.

"In all that has been lately passing is to be traced that species of pride that is

the most opposed to Christian morality, and the most detestable as relates to the pure qualities of social life. But I have done with it. My intellect, be it little or much, may in future remain in my own private possession, and no longer be lent or used for the mass that has been constantly at my heels.

"I trust in God that you and my dear children will be kept in health. As to myself, I care little about it: I am quite worn out with care and anxiety. I have never had any peace or comfort, and never expect any. God bless you and my beloved children. Yours, &c.

"W. K."

In April Sir William was again occupied in an expedition to the Continent; and it is with regret that the Editor recurs to circumstances which, though arising from the political excitement of the time, are nevertheless of painful remembrance. It was during this period of Sir William's ab-

sence from England that a member of the House of Commons made an attack on his character, which seemed as a signal for further invective, which was put forth by one or more anonymous enemies in the public papers of the day. This unmerited illiberality, however, entirely failed in its object: it proved the means of bringing out testimonials most honourable to the conduct of Sir William from the highest and most distinguished quarters, and of establishing him still more firmly in the estimation of his sovereign and his friends.

But these insidious attempts to injure him, and the knowledge of the anxiety which they were causing his family, affected him deeply: an intense degree of sensibility was peculiar to his constitution, and his health suffered greatly from distress of mind, and the harassing duties in which by his situation he was unavoidably involved.

Sir William wrote the following letters

to his family during this uncomfortable separation.

"Paris, Hôtel de la Paix,
"Monday, April 21st, 1828.

"I ARRIVED here last night, and found comfortable apartments. It is impossible to say the degree of luxury this affords after a quick journey. The temperature of this climate is certainly very different, although within so short a distance from London. There is a thinness in the air that our island has not. The moment you enter France, and still more when you enter this place, every countenance bespeaks contentment. I do not use the word happiness, because it is so undefinable, that to use it is to convey a nugatory meaning. In short, the mysteries of the mind, as well as of the passions, who can unfold? It is easy to say that genius consists in some perfection of the senses, which, aided by experience and a knowledge of facts, give what is considered a superiority of intellect; but does this lead us to know

what it is, or what it is not? No! Reflections of this sort become an antidote to the sorrows of the world, and teach you that the less collision you have with the lumps of clay of this life, the better. The Christian religion would be perfectly practicable outwardly, if you could live alone at the back of a mountain from the time you were first born; but sin and crime are two very different things. The one relates to a spiritual existence hereafter, and therefore is here little thought of; whereas crime means the breaking of laws formed by poor human nature, and you will find men passing their whole lives in running after those who are guilty of a breach of any one of these laws, who at the same time are totally regardless of all that relates to sin, used in a spiritual sense. Here comes fine food for reflection!

"Kiss my dear children again and again.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

"Paris, April 23rd, 1828.

"It is not a little difficult, to a mind pure and unaccustomed to the deceptive intricacies of human conduct, to observe the crooked ways necessary to be pursued for the purpose of detecting fraud and villany. An honest mind shrinks from the machinery necessary to be blended with transactions of this nature; the conscience is under a constant alarm lest its motives, thus mixed with vice, should suffer a taint from the source of that corruption which it is its wish to counteract and destroy. It is truly remarkable, how quick all the perceptions of sense become in those whose daily occupations and habits are to trace out the crooked ways of dishonesty. There is nothing that escapes them; they produce trick for trick with a rapidity which is truly surprising."

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"I LEFT London with heavy, dull, and uncomfortable feelings, and was glad to have Mr. M. in the carriage to break my thoughts; but it was a different thing from having you and dear William. As I had that indulgence in my last journey, I felt the want of it the more. There was less interest in the communication of thoughts and feelings.

"As we approached Canterbury, Mr. M. talked of his affection for his mother, whom he seemed tenderly to love. This answered to those affections I had so often felt; for the character of the parents answered to the description of each other; and when he left me, I had a melancholy pleasure in contemplating my early days, but the immediate moment was anything but satisfactory. This would have been thought very strange by those people who constantly assail one's character, from

envy, hatred, and all the worthless detail of passions connected with uncharitableness.

"I have plenty of work on my hands here at present, and am not under the influence of the best spirits, considering the abuse one constantly has. Ever yours,

"W. K."

TO MISS K.

"I HAVE a few minutes before I go to bed, which I am happy to dedicate to you.

"For the first time for several days my head is free from pain, which is a great blessing, considering how much I am obliged to employ my brains.

"Your letters are always delightful to me: neither news nor domestic intelligence are necessary to interest me. Sentiments of feeling, affection, and duty, and just thoughts, are worth all the gossip of local concerns that could possibly be told. The true source of happiness must always be found within yourself, for if you are to

depend upon others for the consolations of life, the dependance would make it so precarious, that the resource, under the most favourable circumstances, must often prove nugatory. I am delighted therefore to hear you say that time, during this necessary shutting up, has not been troublesome to you, and that the pleasure of reading has given you all you wish. This is peace and happiness. You may rely, my dearest child, that I will do all I can to contribute to it whilst I have my habitation in this world. God knows how long that may be; but my own thoughts dwell more under the influence of eternity than they have been accustomed to do.

"But to speak of this world and its concerns — I have not been able to see Lady Stepney since my return from Lincolnshire; I shall endeavour to do so tomorrow. The remains of your poor friend Sir Thomas Stepney do not proceed for Wales until Monday. This day week he

brought your pretty book to Hanover Square; it seems to have been almost the last act of his life. I hope you will always deserve the high opinion he entained of you, my beloved Dora. The great security of life is to guard yourself against evil example. It is of great consequence, therefore, in one sense, to retain the primitive virtues of our nature: among these are innocent simplicity of thought and conduct, for without these there can be no excellence as you advance in life.

"I shall miss my friend Sir Thomas very much; he was such a refuge to me. Belonging, as he did, to the old world of distant days, his intelligence and knowledge were highly useful. I consider his having liked me as a great compliment, because it must have resulted from comparing me with what he had known.

"Love, &c. to your mother.

"Ever yours,

"W. K."

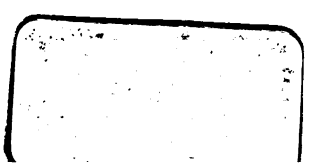
With the gentleman alluded to in the above letter, Sir William became acquainted during his attendance, as a physician, on a lady related to Sir Thomas by marriage. His medical practice, indeed, brought him into terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished personages of his time; and Sir William used often to narrate the following anecdote of Lord Byron.

"I was Lord Byron's medical attendant for some time previously to his marriage. One morning, on making him my accustomed visit, I found the table at which he was writing covered with printer's proof-sheets, scraps of manuscript verses, &c. On my being announced, he neither raised his head nor the *pencil* from the paper he was rapidly scribbling, but said, 'Be so kind as to take a book, and be silent for two minutes.' A longer time had scarcely elapsed, when he threw down the *pencil* with an air of satisfaction, exclaiming, 'I

have done it at last!' He apologized for claiming a poet's indulgence, saying, that the last four lines of that stanza had given him more trouble than the whole of the poem besides; adding, 'The right words came into my head just as your carriage drove up.'

"His Lordship then rose, and, with a smile, said abruptly, 'Knighton, what do you think I am going to do? I am *going* to marry.' I replied, 'I am sorry to hear it, my Lord.' 'The d—l you are! And why should I not?' 'Because I do not think you are constituted to be happy in married life.' He looked grave, and after a pause said, 'I believe you are right; but the ladies think otherwise' (alluding to his sister, Mrs. L.). 'However, the die is cast; for I have presented myself in due form to the lady's papa. I had an amicable reception. The only personal question put to me was when I was mounting my horse: Sir Ralph called

after me, 'Pray, my Lord, how do you pronounce your name? Birron or By-ron?' I replied, 'B Y, sir, spells *by*, all the world over.'"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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